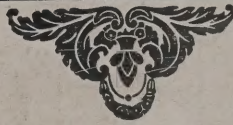


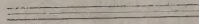
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THE ROSEBUD



NINETEEN HUNDRED FOURTEEN



BEING THE THIRD ANNUAL PUBLISHED BY
THE WATERLOO HIGH SCHOOL

To
George E. Roop
who has given us his best thought
and effort
and
whom they who know him best
would wish to have all know him better
we dedicate this volume of
the Rosebud.

GRADATIM

The Class of nineteen hundred fourteen is truly proud and glad that it is its welcome task to send forth the Third Annual of the Waterloo High School.

The work of putting out an annual, such as we have hoped the Rosebud to be, is very great, but in future years when the pleasures, joys and labors of 1914 live only in memory, it is hoped that the members of the Class of 1914 and of the other classes now in school will feel amply repaid for sacrifices made and tasks uncomplainingly performed.

To the members of the Faculty who have so kindly aided and advised us, to our fellow-students for their hearty co-operation; to the business men of Waterloo and Auburn for their financial support, and to our many subscribers we are grateful, and to them, in this way, the Class of 1914 wishes to extend sincere thanks.

—EDITOR.

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Vida McGiffin
Business Manager	Russell Wittmer
Assistants.....	{ William Day
	{ Clifford Hawk
All Sorts	Hazel Daniels
Art and Music	Pauline Hankey
Alumni	Lester Duli
Athletics	Gould Stanley
Calendar	Emerson Walker
Class Organization	Olga Fisk
Entertainment	Glen Myers
Jokes	Dora McCullough
Literary	Maud Luttman
Literary Societies	Janet Beard
Historian	Emerson Walker



Senior Class Officers

President Vida McGiffin
 Vice-President Maude Luttman
 Secretary and Treasurer.....Olga Fisk
 Historian Emerson Walker
 Sergeant Russell Wittmer

We started in four years ago
 September twelfth, the date;
 And as you reap that which you sow,
 This year we graduate.

Senior Class Poem

I

Far out on the still air of evening
There floats the clear tones of a bell,
Telling others the school year is over;
Telling the Seniors "All's well!"
Though its tones leave twinges of sadness
In the true, loyal hearts of the class,
Yet in all there is hope for the future;
The "World's work" into which each will pass.

II

Life's work has e'er been a struggle
'Tween forces of Right and of Wrong;
'Tis our prayer that the class of old '14
Toil for Right though the struggle be long.
Remember the clang of the school bell,
With its challenging statement, "All's well!"
Toil on for the Right in life's struggle!
Results the true story will tell.

III

Though what life holds for the Future,
May be revealed but as God grants,
May the Seniors toil patiently onward,
With no faltering backward glance.
Yea, let us press onward and upward!
For 'tis only at Labor's grim gate,
(We are told by a sage wise and holy,)
Honors most royal await.

Slogan

Excelsior!

Class Flower—Sweet Peas

Colors—Garnet and Steel Gray.

Motto—Honors wait at Labor's gate.

Yell

Rickety, Rickety, Rickety Reen!
We're the Class of old '14!
Zis Boom! Zis Boom!
Zis Boom, Bah!
Seniors, Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!



VIDA McGIFFIN

Oct. 18, 1894

"Of all the parts the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Vida, our ever faithful president, is another of the girls from Corunna. That through earnest effort and serious study one may achieve, is shown by the fact that she is our Valedictorian. The esteem in which her classmates hold her ability has resulted in their making her Editor-in-Chief of the "Rosebud," in which capacity she has worked loyally and earnestly for the honor and welfare of the Class of '14.

RUSSELL WITTMER

April 10, 1895.

"His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World, "This is a Man."

"Longfellow," our hustling Business Manager, is one of our truest Seniors, working well and faithfully. He has twice been president of the Ciceronian Literary Society, and at all times a loyal worker. He is the Salutatorian of the Class of '14. His specialty is unknown, but this we do know, his chief interest is in electricity, inventions, and a Junior girl. "Love? 'Tis a necessity in this life!"



HAZEL DANIELS Oct. 6, 1895.

"Work with a will and well will you work."

During the four years of her High School course, Hazel has been one of the leaders of the Zedalethean Society, having served one term as president and given her strongest support to other presidents. Jolly and attractive, she has formed many lasting friendships among both students and Faculty. One of the most noticeable traits of her character is changing her mind. If she does not "change her mind" she will take a course in Domestic Science.

WILLIAM DAY Dec. 11, 1894.

"I am Sir Oracle; when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

"Bill" is one of the Seniors' most active workers, and has long been recognized as one of the leaders of the Zedaletheans, having served one term as president. He is of a literary turn of mind, loving an argument above any thing else, and rarely lets pass a chance to gratify this propensity. He is recognized as a "tease" and "makes good" every opportunity to tease either classmate or teacher. He has served us well as Assistant Business Manager of the "Rosebud."

PAULINE HANKEY Nov. 29, 1895

"Her smile, her speech, her winning way

While all gloomy thoughts away."

"Hankey's" loyalty to the W. H. S. and to the Class of '14 was proved by the fact that she has come all the way from Toledo to be with us this year. She is best known for her original ideas in both class and society work. She takes a leading part in chorus work, being one of our finest sopranos.

GLEN MYERS MAY 15, 1894

"Let me play the fool."

Glen, the most cheerful member of the Senior Class, has won the friendship and respect of all with whom he has come in contact. He has a distinction claimed by no other graduate of the Waterloo High

School—that of having held every office (except the vice-presidency) of the Zedalethean Society. He is one of the Quinque Singers and Players. His specialty is changing his expression from one of intense merriment to one of angelic innocence at a half-second's notice.



JANET BEARD

Feb. 8, 1895

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;

An excellent thing in woman."

"Beard" is one of our truest Seniors, having been with the class "back in the Grades." She is prominent in both class and society work, being a loyal and hard working Ciceronian. She has served a term as secretary of her society, and has put forth her best efforts to make both her class and her society "make good."

CLIFFORD HAWK

November 19, 1894

"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

Clifford, a comparatively new addition to the Class of '14, having joined us in the Junior year, has nevertheless made many sincere friends and won a sure place for himself in the ranks of the class. He is excessively lively and keeps his classmates from becoming too lonesome. He is quite well known as the "Arkansas Traveler" on account of a little pleasure (?) jaunt down into Arkansas in the autumn of '13.

DORA McCULLOUGH

Nov. 14, 1894

"While we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door."

Dora, or "Dode" for short, comes from Corunna, and is one of the jolliest members of the Senior class. She is always enthusiastic when there is any fun afoot, thus making life worth living for the Seniors and busy for the Faculty and "Legislators" of the W. H. S. Through this special trait she earned and won a seat "ail by her lonesome."

EMERSON WALKER

May 18, 1894

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Emerson, the most serious and sober-minded member of the Class of

'14, won renown on account of the fact that he has not once altered the high quality of his deportment grades during his four years at High School. Though greatly interested in politics, he is looking forward with great eagerness to a career in the Business World.



OLGA FISK April 24, 1895

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Since Olga entered in 1910, there has been no more steadfast member of the class, as she is rarely absent and is quite studious. She very much dislikes to be teased and is ever ready with a retort when any one does have the courage to tease her. Very few can claim as many "nick-names" as Olga, but among all these "Olgalala" is the most musical. 'Tis noised about, however, that she is already claimed.

GOULD STANLEY Mar. 16, 1896

"Behold, the child by nature's kindly law

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

"Doc" has the distinction of being the only member of the Senior class born in a log cabin in the "wild and woolly West." He is the youngest member of the class. He delights in a joke even though the laugh be on him, and he has the ability to make others see a joke as he sees it. That's all right, "Doc," for "The man with a smile is the man worth while," etc.

MAUDE LUTTMAN Dec. 1, 1895

"I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.

Maude is another who comes from another town to be with us in the Senior year, the last of four happy years she has been with us. Maude is recognized as one of the best students in the class, working with a will and readiness that brings results. She is our vice-president. Though she has some aspirations to enter the pedagogical class, love may claim her ere her dream be realized.

LESTER DULL Nov. 4, 1894

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,

Breasts the keen air and carols as he goes."

For the past four years, Lester has

walked, rode and waded his way in from the country. His candid opinions, openly expressed, have afforded his teachers and classmates many a hearty laugh. The object of all his present toil is to be a scientific farmer,



OUR OWN HIGH SCHOOL

(Tune, My Maryland)

We bring to thee our song of praise
Dear High School, our own High School.
Home of our happy schooling days,
Dear High School, our own High School.
Thy students scattered far and near
Find absence makes thee but more dear,
When memory brings to each its cheer
Dear High School, our own High School.
May fortune's smile upon us fall,
Dear High School, our own High School.
Its students swift in duty's call,
Dear High School, our own High School.
May they in all that's true be bold
Thy honor ever sacred hold,
And thus add to its merits old
Dear High School, our own High School.
May this old school that's up to date
Dear High School, our own High School.
Become the best one in the state
Dear High School, our own High School.
May lessons signed by teachers true
Be learned by us as we pursue
The studies of the whole course thru,
Dear High School, our own High School.
To this old school that's lived so long,
Dear High School, our own High School.
We pledge our loyalty in song.
Dear High School, our own High School.
We'll fling her banner far and wide
And with our motto as our guide
We'll fight for her whate'er betide,
Dear High School, our own High School.

A. L. MOUDY.



A. L. MOUDY, Superintendent



GEO. E. ROOP
Principal



MISS EDITH MASTERS
Assistant Principal



MISS MARY MORROW
Assistant Principal



MISS FEARNE LEAS
Music and Art



G. P. DILLA

When Miss Morrow deserted us two months before the close of the term, it was necessary to find some one to take her place. Finally Miss Dilla kindly consented to take charge of the classes formerly taught by Miss Morrow. Miss Dilla is well known among the Juniors and Seniors, having taught one term in the W. H. S. two years ago. Since then she has been employed by the Belmont College, where she remained in the Faculty until this fall when she was forced to resign on account of ill health.

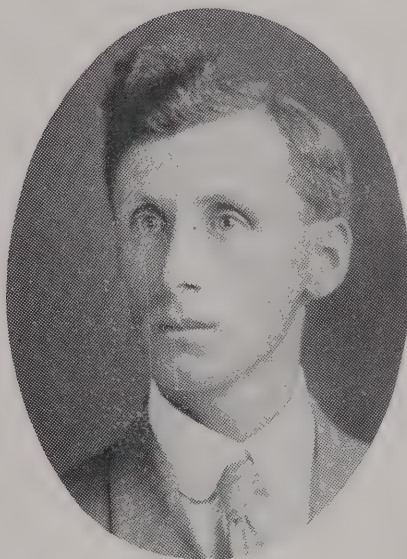
—EDITOR.



Miss N. Ethel Hallett
5th and 6th Grades



Miss Etta Wittmer
7th and 8th Grades



Mr. Scott Rhoads
3d and 4th Grades



Miss Bess Showalter
Primary



Mrs. Cora Stanley
2d and 3d Grades

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

One morning in September, 1910, the whole Waterloo High School stood staring, with mouths agape, at sight of the new Freshman Class, full thirty-two in number, spirited, enthusiastic, and not so very green, either. The High School room was then on the first floor of the building and the room had formerly accommodated all four classes. But now the great army of Freshmen crowded out the Juniors and Seniors and was left in victorious possession of almost three-thirds of the field, the Sophomores occupying a mere corner. Never was there a class with more class spirit, more class pride and more class loyalty; never a class so determined to play fair, to make good. Veda Browns was elected president and served us well. In a short nine months the class had outgrown its "swaddling clothes" and was ready to leave the Freshman year for new fields of conquest. At the end of the first year only twenty-three remained, some having gone to other towns, a few to take up other work, but not one having "fallen by the wayside."

Twenty-three in number, we entered the Sophomore year, in the new room upstairs. Spirit and loyalty grew stronger with the decrease of numbers. Studious when study was expected, gay and care-free when it was not, the class won the love of the teachers and the respect of other classes. During the year four of our true-hearted Sophomores heard other duties call, and went out to take up other work. They were sadly missed, but the class must go on and on! Glen Myers was elected president, in which office he served well and faithfully.

We entered the Junior year with the nineteen veterans of our Sophomore battles and one recruit from Fort Recovery, Ohio. Charles George was chosen president of the Junior class and served it with a loyalty surpassed by none. Though not one Junior dropped by the wayside, great was our sorrow to learn that four of our classmates could not join us in our Senior year. Three were forced to leave for other schools and one had decided to take up another line of work.

At the beginning of the 1913-'14 school year there were sixteen members in the Senior class, but two dropped out ere the close of the term. Throughout the year we have worked loyally on together, with only a few hard experiences which we now consider as "difficulties surmounted." But now when the last happy year is over, the last glad occasion past and the last sad parting word said, we want to leave our slogan for the help of other students. It is our hope that when some student is laboring toward the top of the steep ascent, climbing ever upward, may he turn to his weaker classmate, toiling patiently on, and call to him encouragingly, "Excelsior, aye Excelsior!" the slogan of old '14!

EMERSON C. WALKER, Historian.

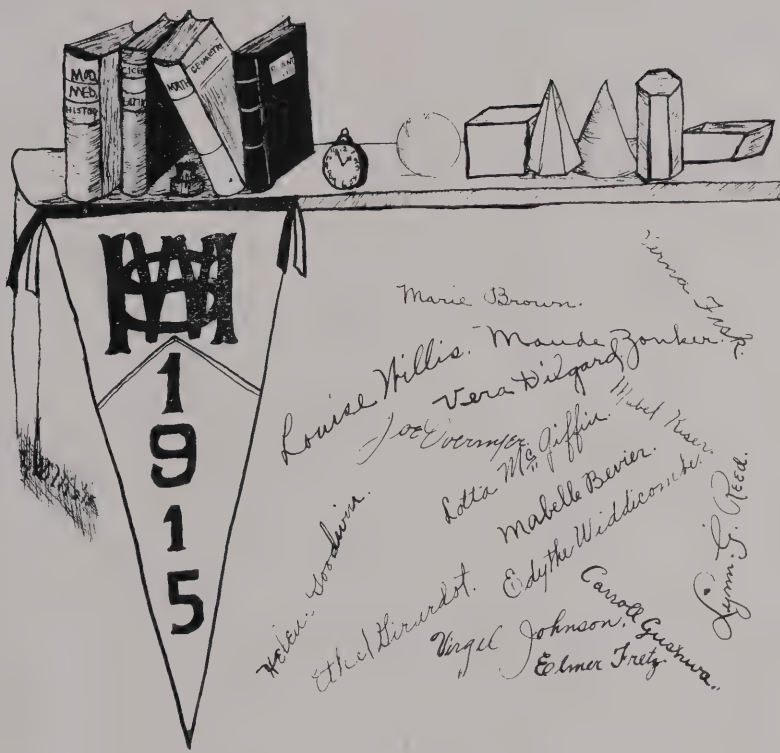
CLASS-ROLLS





JUNIOR CLASS

From Left to Right, Back Row—Vera Dilgard, Elmer Fretz, Verna Fisk, Third Row—Lynn Reed, Mabelle Bevier, Mable Kiser, Carrol Gushwa, Joe Overmyer, Second Row—Maude Zonker, Louise Willis, Virgil Johnson, Edythe Widdicombe, Helen Goodwin, First Row—Ethel Girardot, Lotta McGiffin, Marie Brown.



JUNIORS

Class Officers

President	Virgil Johnson
Vice-President	Louise Willis
Secretary and Treasurer	Edythe Widdicombe
Sergeant	Joe Overmyer
Poetess	Helen Goodwin
Historian	Elmer Fretz

Motto

No reward without effort.

Flower

Purple Violets.

Colors

Nile Green and White.

Junior Class Roll

Virgil Johnson	Edythe Widdicombe
Louise Willis	Carrol Gushwa
Elmer Fretz	Helen Goodwin
Lotta McGiffin	Mabelle Bevier
Maude Zonker	Ethel Girardot
Marie Brown	Joe Overmyer
Mabel Kiser	Vera Dilgard
Verna Fisk	Lynn Reed

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The "Junior watch," as we shall figuratively call it, found its way into the Assembly room of the W. H. S., September 11, 1911. There were twenty jewels, so to speak, in the "makeup" of the Junior watch. This was only an experiment to determine which of the jewels could endure the four years' test conducted by the H. S. Faculty. At first the jewels were not at their best on account of being unaccustomed to their new quarters, but ere a long time had passed, they had proved their worth. After the first nine months had passed it was found that two of the jewels were missing and could not be found at the beginning of the second year. One new jewel was received to fill one of the vacancies left by the lost jewels, and throughout this second year the watch ran smoothly with its nineteen splendid jewels.

At the beginning of the third year, four jewels were missing and great was the fear that the Junior watch could do little with so many jewels gone, but in a short time the remaining sixteen, (one had been found at the middle of the term), proved their worth, and the watch has since been keeping excellent time. The sixteen jewels have shone brilliantly throughout the third year and Hope whispers that all will stand the test of the fourth and last year.

ELMER FRETZ, Historian.

Junior Class Yell

Alata! Malata! Zootaloo!!
Juniors, Juniors, Waterloo!
Zootaloota! Layoohoo!!
Nineteen-fifteen, Waterloo!

Junior Class Song

(Tune, "My Bonnie.")

I

Our Junior year's just about over,
Our laurels are fairly well won;
Our credits are all we could wish for,
And we think ourselves "A No. 1."

Chorus

But we'll come back, come back,
Come back as Seniors next year, next year!
Come back, come back;
Oh, we'll come back as Seniors next year!

II

Our days are all filled with ambition;
Our hopes are all soaring high;
For we hope to win fame and honor,
When we graduate by and by.

Chorus

III

We try to live up to our motto;
It has faithfully carried us thru;
For reward is not gained without effort,
And we've found this is perfectly true.

Chorus

—Edythe Widdicombe, '15.

Junior Class Poem

We're preparing ourselves for the work that will
come,
When our school days are over and gone.
The world is in need of bright girls and boys,
So we will push steadily on!

The hill is quite high and the path somewhat rough,
But we'll climb to the top with a song!
We'll work when we work and play when we play,
But always push steadily on!

Only one more short year we'll remain in this
school,
A year doesn't seem very long!
To be with the friends and the teachers we love,
And yet we'll push steadily on!

Classmates, be brave, don't do things by halves!
And ever in Effort be strong,
Though our intimate friendships must break by
and by,
Yet we must push steadily on!

We'll meet with some trials and some storms, 'tis
true,
While enveloped in the world's vast throng;
But pilot the ship and steer through the gale,
For we must push steadily on.

The Almighty God is watching us now,
Hoping we'll shrink from the wrong!
Don't forget our old motto that acquires success,
We'll ever push steadily on.

—Helen Goodwin, '15.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

From Left to Right. Back Row—Lynn Crooks, Edna Blanchard, Lynn Imhoff, Reba Walker, Fred Eberly, Alice McIntosh, Roy Rohm. Third Row—Joe Bowman, Loa Wines, Ralph Staley, Ioa Zonker, Gladys Beard, Russel Strow, Chas. Colby, Hazel Flynn. Second Row—Myrtle Wilttrout, Libbie Buchanan, Estelle Wilttrout, Harry Rude, Faye Miser, Marie Miles, Florence Strow. Front Row—Vera Newcomer, Chas. Smith, Nella Becker, Carl Getts, Martha Wines.

Sophomore Class Poem

Oh, our minds begin to wonder,
And our tempers begin to rise,
When we see those dignified Seniors
Walk with heads turned toward the skies.

And our mouths begin to water,
And our hearts begin to weep,
When we hear the jolly Juniors
Tell us charms that lull to sleep.

But we happy, jolly Sophomores,
Are the best in all the school,
For we're always true to our colors dear,
And never play the fool.

But, Oh! those crazy, foolish Freshmen
With that old time greenish air!
Whene'er the teachers look at them,
They sit and sadly stare.

Ioa Zonker, '16.



SOPHOMORES

Class Officers

President	Ferne Hawk
Vice-President	Harry Rude
Secretary and Treasurer	Faye Miser
Sergeant	Estel Wilttrout
Poetess	Ioa Zonker
Historian	Ralph Staley

Motto

No crown without the dust of labor.

Flower

Red Rose

Colors

Cardinal and Steel Grey,

Sophomore Class Yell

Ah! A! E! O!
Anna-Canack! Canack! Canack!
Bob-tailed Vinegar! Rack! Rack! Rack!
Arab! Arab! Arab! Hah!
Sophomores, Sophomores!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Beard, Gladys	Newcomer, Vera
Becker, Nealla	Rohm, Roy
Blanchard, Edna	Rude, Harry
Bowman, Joe	Smith, Arthur
Buchanan, Libbie	Smith, Charles
Colby, Charles	Strow, Florence
Crooks, Lynn	Strow, Russell
Flynn, Hazel	Staley, Ralph
Getts, Carl	Walker, Reba
Hawk, Ferne	Wiltrout, Estell
Imhoff, Lynn	Wiltrout, Myrtle
McIntosh, Alice	Wines, Loa
Miles, Marie	Wines, Martha
Miser, Faye	Zonker, Ioa

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

We, the Sophomore class of the W. H. S., entered upon our High School life in the fall of 1912. When we entered we were a class of thirty-five members, the largest Freshman class in the history of the W. H. S. This class was made up of fifteen graduates of the Waterloo Grammar grades, twelve recruits from Corunna and vicinity and eight from the townships around Waterloo. Though we are very proud of having the largest class in school, we have also the most beautiful pennant in the High School Assembly room we think.

During our Freshman year, Russell Robinson lost his enthusiasm and dropped out of the ranks. We sincerely hoped to retain all those who yet remained true, but about Christmas, Lisle McEenterfer became tired of struggling with the "Language of the Caesars" and left school. The end of our first year found us with thirty-three loyal members, all prepared to return as Sophomores, but at the opening of the 1913-'14 term, five dear classmates were missing. From this number three are attending other schools and two have taken up other work.

We Sophomores, as a class, are studious, thoughtful, and ever willing to lend the helping hand to those about us. Among our number is found much talent along literary lines, debates and essays being our specialty. Ioa Zonker has won two prizes on her essays, one being a state prize. We claim the honor of having one Sophomore on the High School Debating Team.

As we advance, step by step, toward the Senior goal, we are striving to do our best, to win honor's laurels, and we fully realize the truth of our motto, that there is "No crown without the dust of labor."

RALPH STALEY, Historian.

SOPHOMORE ENTERTAINMENT

On one day in the usually bright month of October, the Sophomores began to tire of the monotony in school, for everything had been dull for several weeks and there seemed to be nothing interesting in view, so they began to ponder and ponder upon what they could do to break the monotony. Of course there were many suggestions, but they finally agreed upon having a marshmallow toast. But even after they decided to have a marshmallow toast to fill the vacancy in amusements, there were many exciting class meetings held before everything was in readiness. So on the chosen evening, October 16, the class gathered in the school yard and from there went to a field a little way out of town where the toast was to be held. The class was chaperoned by Miss Etta Wittmer. A very enjoyable evening was then spent, for as no other class dreamed of such good times in October, the Sophomores aimed to have a very good time. After many games were played by the light of the camp-fire, (for the camp-fire burned during the whole evening), the marshmallows were toasted and, as they sat around the fire, many ghost stories were told and they tried to make the evening weird and make everyone afraid to go home. Then as the camp-fire burned low, and their interest in games and marshmallows was lagging, the party, to prove their bravery, made a trip to the spring. This necessitated passing the cemetery, but as Mr. Moudy was not along no one faltered. At the spring more weird stories were told and as they went home they were rejoicing and were well satisfied with themselves and everyone else and hoping that some one else would soon decide to have another marshmallow toast or something to break the monotony of coming weeks.

On January 22, a jolly bunch of Sophs made a delightful sleighing party to the home of Martha and Loa Wines. The moon shone very brightly and thus the party was kept from being afraid. The sledding was fine and it was the first trip of the season. Besides many others, the "Dome-cracking" game of "Brother, I am Bobbed," was played. During the evening the taffy was passed and everyone cleaned their hands. While on the porch many accidents occurred, such as being submerged in the snow drifts, dropping taffy into each other's hair, etc., and a few had to be rescued from the sticky stuff. Miss Morrow and Miss Masters chaperoned the party.

FAYE MISER, '16.



Freshman Class Officers

President	Edna Reed
Vice-President	Paul Overmyer
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Brown
Sergeant	Harold Fretz
Historian	Ethel Baker
Poet	Joe Kirkpatrick

Yell

Rah, Re, Ri, Ro!
 Ring, Ching, Chang!
 Waterloo Freshmen,
 Zip, Boom Bang!

Colors

Royal Purple and Buff.

Motto

Climb though the rocks be rugged!

Flower

White Roses



FRESHMAN CLASS

From Left to Right. Back Row—Jennie Sherwood, Daisy Brown, Howard Dilgaid, Hazel Harmes, Joe Kirkpatrick, Vera Nodine, Wm. Smith, Faye Till, Chas. Till, Mary McIntosh. Middle Row—Clarence Bowers, Thelma Eberly, Oline Latson, Harold Fretz, Florence Shuster, Willo Hinman, Mary Nodine, Alice Ridge, Audrey Crowl. Front Row—Waldo Bowman, Frances Baxter, Edna Reed, Paul Overmyer, Dorothy Brown, Ethel Baker, Lulu Kennedy.

Freshman Class Roll

Edna Reed	Florence Shuster
Paul Overmyer	Thelma Eberly
Dorothy Brown	Oline Latson
Harold Fretz	William Smith
Ethel Baker	Faye Till
Joe Kirkpatrick	Howard Dilgard
Clarence Bowers	Willo Hinman
Daisy Brown	Jennie Sherwood
Audrey Crowl	Waldo Bowman
Francis Baxter	Charles Till
Mary McIntosh	Vera Nodine
Lula Kennedy	Alice Ridge
Hazel Harmes	Mary Nodine

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

We, the Freshmen, graduated from the Eighth Grade with an enrollment of twenty-one. When we entered High School, we found that seven who had been with us in the Eighth Grade, were missing, and that eleven new students had joined us. After but two weeks had passed, one boy felt the call of out-side duties and withdrew from the class. But the vacancy thus left was filled and an addition made to our number in November by the entrance of two new students. We, as a class, with a present enrollment of twenty-six, eighteen girls and eight boys, are now striving toward the Senior goal, with our motto, "Climb, though the rocks be rugged," as our guide.

ETHEL BAKER, Historian.

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

We are Freshmen as you perhaps knew,
Still in our teens, and with vigor too!
It fills us with happiness as we are acquiring
The benefits derived from a Freshman's trying.

It is not for the present we take up our book;
Ah! no! the Future bids us forward look!
We know from those older that life is no dream,
So it's here that we as Freshmen are seen.

With the aid of our teachers, by us greatly inspired,
We are steadily gaining the knowledge required
To fight life's battles, work and win, all the way!
And make our life happy in that far future day.

Our habits are good; purity is our aim,
For naught but a clear mind will ever retain
All lessons we here are bidden to know,
And to do life's work without fear or woe.

You may call us starters, but we will not care,
For it's just those who start that ever get there.
Just look at Lincoln—he started too,
And no one can tell what a starter will do!

It's the starter we find who leads in life's game,
He conquers the world and brings laggers to shame;
He does thing today that they store for tomorrow
With results that are harvests which others can't borrow.

"Climb" is our motto; we'll climb with a will,
Though we start at the bottom, we'll land on the hill.
We aim to keep busy, and know where we're "at;"
Oh! yes, we are stickers, you should worry about that!

Our colors are purple and buff as you see;
More attractive colors there could not be.
With peace in our hearts and a love for our Nation,
We're starting our lives with a High School Education.

JOE KIRKPATRICK, '17.



W. H. S. DEBATING TEAM

Lynn Reed

Mable Kiser, Capt.,

Louise Willis

Harry Rude

THE DEBATING TEAM

Waterloo High School's activity in the debating field began in the term of 1912-'13, when we received and accepted a challenge from Albion High School. A series of preliminary debates was immediately begun for the purpose of choosing a team. Veda Brown, '14, Charles George, '14, and Harley Rohm, '13, were chosen as the speakers with Mabel Kiser, '15, as alternate. The first debate was held in Waterloo, the question debated being, "Resolved, that the Initiative, Referendum and Recall should be adopted by every state in the Union." Waterloo defended the negative, and while not forced to bend to defeat, neither could we claim the victory, for the debate resulted in a tie. The second debate was held at Albion, Waterloo's speakers being Veda Browns, Mabel Kiser and Harley Rohm, with Charles George as alternate. The subject of this debate was, "Resolved, that the United States should maintain a larger navy than any other nation except Great Britain," Waterloo again having the negative of the question.

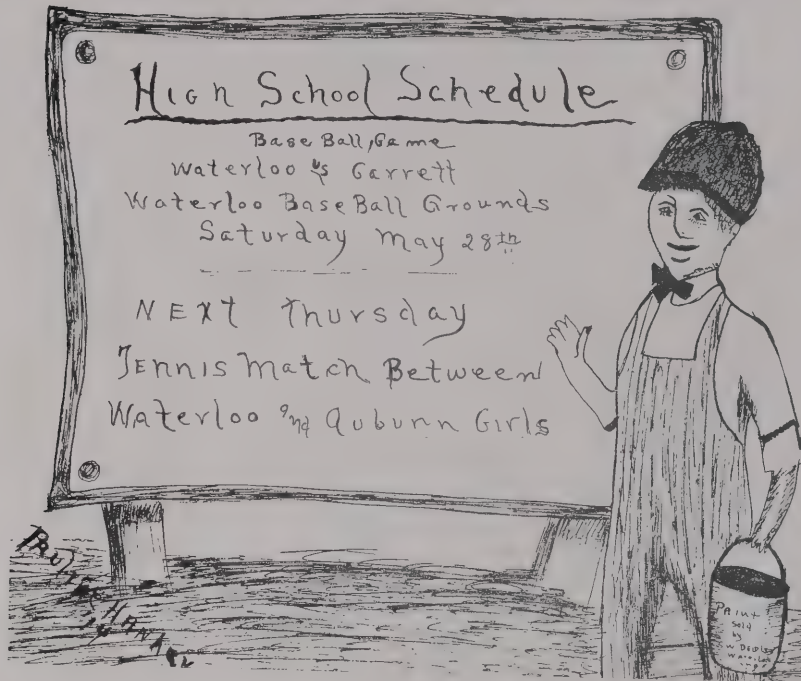
This year Waterloo High School challenged LaGrange and Auburn High Schools, both of which have accepted the challenge. Three of the 1912-'13 Debating team were missing, Harley Rohm having graduated, and Charles George and Veda Brown having gone to other schools. The sole remaining member, Mabel Kiser, was considered a member of the 1914 team. Preliminary debates were held and the vacancies filled by the following students: Louise Willis, '15, Harry Rude, '16, and Lynn Reed, '15. One of these will be chosen alternate. Mabel Kiser has been chosen captain of the team. The subject for both dates will be, "Resolved, that a Protective Tariff for American Industries is Desirable for the People of the United States." LaGrange would have defended the negative in our debate with them but has since withdrawn, and Auburn has not yet selected a side. The team is working earnestly and the hopes of the W. H. S. are high. At least the team will do its best to uphold the honor and fame of the W. H. S.

Teachers Association

'Twas the week of Thanksgiving,
And all thru the town
Not a person should worry
For teachers abound.
The hotels are crowded
With people of rank,
And Waterloo knows
There's the teacher to thank.
But none are so merry
As the jolly quartette,
Who attend the High School;
'Tis the finest, you bet!
Of episodes funny,
There are not a few
The four play at Waterloo,
And play "Itchy Rue."
They attend
Inspiring sessions each day
At the beautiful church
Just over the way.
They'll take home ideas
That will amply reward
The kindness extended
By the school board.
The districts all wonder
What they will gain.
They call it a holiday,
But what's in a name?
When the schoolbells resound
On the following week,
And the pupils come flocking
In from the street,
The teachers will gladly
Their knowledge impart,
And enthuse the students
To work hand and heart.
We feel confident that
As the fleeting years pass
Associations will continue
As good as the last.
The moral is this:
All interested should insist
That their teachers attend others
As we have this.

—Edythe Widdicombe, '15.

ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS

The Athletics for the term 1913-'14 have all been within the school, no games of any kind having been played with other schools. Several spirited class contests were held, one of these being the tennis game between the Junior and Senior girls, won by the Seniors.

Tennis is the most favored of all games in the W. H. S., each class and the Faculty having its own association, court and equipment. Since this arrangement has been made everyone has a chance to play and no court is monopolized by those who can play best, nor yet by beginners.

In the autumn all were enthusiastically planning to play basket ball this season, but no place could be found to play in, so that idea had to be given up.

A base ball team has been organized and all are quite enthusiastic, hoping that the boys will not meet with the fate of the basket ball project.

All tennis courts are kept in splendid condition and it is a rule of the school that all courts must be accurately marked off and kept smooth when tennis is being played, for, says Mr. Moudy, "No one can play good tennis on a poor court."



BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row—Paul Overmyer, Carrol Gushwa, Fred Eberly, Emerson Walker, Estelle Wilttrout, Waldo Bowman. Seated—Glen Myers, Arthur Smith, Capt., Russel Wittmer, Mgr, Gould Stanley. Front—Howard Dilgard, Chas Colby, Lynn Crooks.

Course of Study for The Waterloo Schools

FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIÖR	SENIOR
English	English	American Literature	English Literature
*Latin	*Cæsar	*Cicero	* Virgil
Algebra	Algebra $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Geometry $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.	Geometry	Physics
Botany or Physiology	History, Greece $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Rome $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.	Hist'ry Mediæval $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Modern $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.	U. S. History $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Civil Govern't $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.
* { Manual Training Agriculture Domestic Science	* { Cabinet Making Dress Making Agriculture Domestic Science	*Com'c'al Geog'y $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Com'ercial Arith $\frac{1}{2}$ yr	Com'ercial Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Bookkeeping $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Spelling $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.
Music one period per week	Music one period per week	Music one period per week	Music one period per week
Drawing one period per week	Water Colors	Pastel	Oil Painting

* Elective. This course may be substituted for foreign language if student is not preparing for college. The student must obtain the consent of the superintendent to take the course.

*Virgil is elective in Senior year.

REMARKS ON THE COURSE OF STUDY

While the Waterloo High School maintains a standard four years' course which prepares for college entrance, we are not unmindful of the great number that can not go away to enter the higher institutions of learning, and, therefore, we offer a course in Manual Training, Agriculture, and Commercial subjects for the boys, and a course in Domestic Science and Domestic Art for the girls.

The student is a social and biological creature as well as an animal that can learn. All his interests, powers and instincts should, therefore, be utilized in the process of education. It has been shown that the student can better be introduced to the world of knowledge and things thru his activity

and experience than thru the avenue of books; that constructive work motivates all the other school work. This gives justification for the industrial and vocational work in the school.

Furthermore, nature study, agriculture, drawing, hand work, manual training, domestic science and a study of the household arts, help to overcome the isolation which at present exists between school and life. If rightly studied these subjects have an educational value equal if not superior to most of the traditional school subjects. In addition, they give pupils help in making a right and intelligent choice of an occupation.

It is not the thought that the vocational work should supplant or cripple the fundamental work of the public school. A command of English, a mastery of number relations, the ability to express one's thoughts in writing or drawing and design, is as much needed for success in a future vocation or trade as is the plane by the carpenter or trowel by a mason. Again, the natural, healthy growth and development of the child, both physical and mental, is as necessary for making a skilled worker and an efficient citizen as is the vocational training given in a special school or apprentice shop. Habits of healthful activity, right habits of thinking and working, the power to observe and control all parts of the body quickly and accurately—these are universal tools necessary for every occupation or trade. Any defect here means that there is no basis for the future education and training to rest on.

Our idea of the aim and purpose of the public school is becoming enlarged. The idea that the school should not lead more directly toward the professional than toward the industrial and every day occupations in which most of our people are engaged, is becoming general. We have determined to enlarge and readjust our public school system, so that it will serve all the people, providing an opportunity for each pupil to receive all the formal education and in addition give him help and direction in fitting himself for profitable employment.

A. L. MOUDY, Superintendent.

THE LIBRARY

The Waterloo High School Library consists of six hundred volumes. Of these, four hundred thirty volumes are for reference. The remaining are fiction. New volumes are added each year. It is classified according to the Dewey Decimal System and is provided with a shelf list, which serves as a card catalogue. This library is recognized by the Public Library Commission of Indiana. It has been inspected by the assistant state organizer, Miss Ora Williams,

EDITH MASTERS, Librarian,



SENIOR ART—OIL AND PASTEL



ADVANCED SEWING—JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES



MANUAL TRAINING -SHOP WORK AND CABINET MAKING



FRESHMAN SEWING—JUST SEWING



MUSIC

Fearne Leas

Educators are just beginning to realize the importance of music and to give it a proper place in the course of study. For a time it had the relation of something that was just added to the course. We did not see clearly where it belonged. Now it is apparent that it is an essential in the child's training that nothing else can supplant. Literature has long been recognized as essential and its masterpieces have long been conceded to be part of every child's rightful heritage. Furthermore, we have not stopped with bringing into the child's life these masterpieces that, through them, he may come into touch with the great heart throbs of humanity and so come into an appreciation of beauty, but we have long ago learned that it is just as essential in his education for him to learn to express his own thoughts artistically in connected discourse.

Music has the same psychological reason for being in the course of study that literature has, and we must give it just as rational treatment.

The work in music done in the grades in our school can be divided into two parts. First, music reading; second, the singing of songs. The first deals with the technical side, the rudiments which go to make up the finished product. The second should arouse in the pupil a love of singing and an appreciation of the best music, resulting in the cultivation of refined musical taste. The High School music consists of assembly singing and chorus work. It is the aim to use only the highest class of music, selections from the masters, interspersed with school and community songs. In the chorus a study is made of each selection, bringing out the beauties found.

Once during the school year a musical programme is given, displaying all commendable attempts in the line of music and offering opportunity for the patrons of the schools to hear the results of the students' musical education. It is now conceded by eminent educators that among the most prominent requirements in the education of the woman of tomorrow shall be, "Music and Art."



HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS.

From Left to Right. Back Row—Lynn Reed, Joe Bowman, Arthur Smith, Glen Myers, Elmer Fretz, Russel Wittmer, Joe Overmyer, Virgil Johnson, Estelle Wilttrout, Clifford Hawk, Carl Getts, Gould Stanley. Front Row—Nella Becker, Louise Willis, Edna Blanchard, Reba Walker, Mabel Kiser, Hazel Daniels, Daisy Brown, Willo Hinman, Pauline Hankey, Marie Miles, Hazel Flynn. Seated—Fearne Leas, Director; Helen Goodwin, Pianist.

ART

The marvelous development of art education in the public schools that has taken place in the last quarter of a century, has manifested itself in many ways. Throughout the grades and through the High School the higher knowledge has aroused an interest in things beautiful and beneficial. Art is practical, it surrounds us; why not have a fair knowledge of all our surroundings?

In the elementary grades it is the plan of our school to offer work which will form a broad, firm foundation for the finer art work.

Paper folding, paper cutting, compilations, work in outline, shading, perspective, etc., are all related to the general subject of drawing. Then the application of drawing designs to things of practical value, is made.

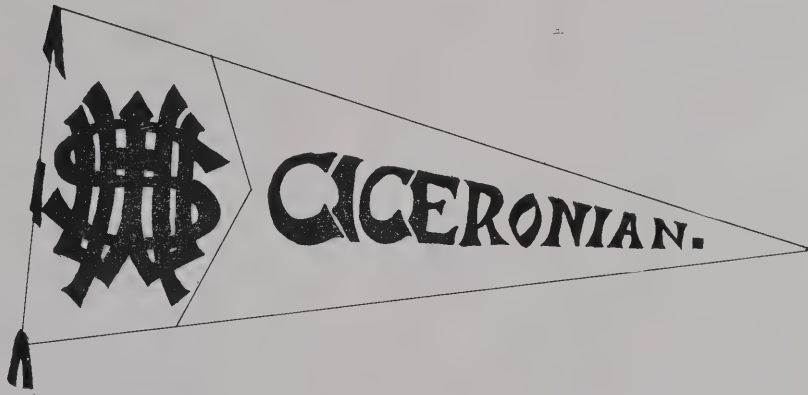
There are four lines of art work offered in the High School. First comes the more difficult work in outline and mass drawing. Then foundation of water colors is formed. This leads to still life water colors, from which class the students easily pass to scenic water colors—copies of studies with water colors as a medium.

The third line of work is pastel, which class the students enter with a zeal. This work is very interesting and splendid things are accomplished. Nearly all the work done is from copies and the pictures the students finish are indeed beautiful.

This year work in oil has been taken up for the first time, and while not a great deal of time could be given to it, yet the work is splendid and the results are remarkable. This offers a fitting climax for the splendid line of Art work, showing that the students have the foundation, and upon this foundation have builded things of beauty. There can be no higher aim in school Art work than to be able to tell a true and beautiful story with Art mediums. The past two years it has been customary to give an Art Exhibit, showing the finished product of the students in the Art Department, and giving an opportunity for patrons of the school and for others interested to see the results of the work in this important Department. The 1914 exhibit will be given the latter part of the term, in the Town Hall, May 15, 16 and 17. Come and see what the students are accomplishing.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

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COLORS—MAROON, GOLD AND GREEN



COLORS—OLD ROSE, OLIVE GREEN, COPENHAGEN BLUE



CICERONIAN OFFICERS

Janet Beard
Secretary

Marie Brown
Secretary (retired)

Joe Overmyer
President (retired)

Russell Wittmer
President



William Day
President

ZEDALETHEAN OFFICERS

Ioa Zonker
Secretary

Hazel Daniels
President (retired)

Virgil Johnson
Secretary (retired)

CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Though the past three or four years may seem to have been the Golden Age of Ciceronian success, yet we feel that we have not attained to the full measure of success our high standard demands. The work of the 1913-'14 term has been, to a very great extent, different from that of previous years; it has also been of splendid quality. The spirit of the society has been shown in the hearty co-operation and splendid support its members have given the officers.

September 12. The C. L. S. met in the High School Assembly room and the officers for the first half of the term were elected. The election resulted in Joe Overmyer being chosen president; Russell Wittmer, vice-president; Marie Brown, secretary; Estelle Wiltrout, sergeant; Harry Rude, reporter. Under this corps of officers two splendidly successful programs were given, showing the talents of the new members who joined us from the Freshman Class.

January 26. The following officers were elected to serve us through the second semester: Russell Wittmer, president; Vida McGiffin, vice-president; Marie Barr, secretary; Vera Dilgard, sergeant; Fred Eberly, reporter. Owing to the resignation of Marie Barr, (Brown), Janet Beard was elected to fill the office of secretary. Only one program was given under this corps of officers, this being a program in honor of the Irish patron saint, given on March 13, 1914.

March 17. Ciceronian Society gave a St. Patrick's Day reception in honor of the Zedalethean Society. In so far as was possible the program and entertainment displayed Irish customs and colors.

ZEDALETHEAN SOCIETY

The Zedalethean Literary Society has, for the past few years, done work that would be a credit to any college society, and in its work throughout the past year it has certainly not fallen short of its standard.

The methods used by the society in producing its programs and other work cannot be surpassed, for they are the best. Always throughout these years have the officers and members given one another their hearty co-operation, and thereby have done some of the finest work possible.

September 12. The Zedalethean Society was called to order by the president, Charles George. The following officers were elected for the first semester: Hazel Daniels, president; Wm. Day, vice-president; Virgil Johnson, secretary and treasurer; Daisy Brown, reporter; Glen Myers, sergeant-at-arms.

October 31. In the evening the Zedaletheans gave a Hallowe'en masquerade to the Ciceronians and Faculty. A short program was given, fol-

lowed by refreshments and ghost stories. All started for home on the look-out for spooks and goblins.

January 20. The Zedalethean Society elected the following officers for the second semester: Wm. Day, president; Pauline Hankey, vice-president; Ioa Zonker, secretary and treasurer; Glen Myers, reporter; Virgil Johnson, sergeant-at-arms.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Hazel Daniels, '14.

Fellow members of the Zedalethean Society, members of the Faculty and friends:

To me has been given the greatest honor, without solicitation, which the society has to give to any of its members, unanimously voting me the president for this semester. And to you, members of the Zedalethean Literary Society, I promise that I will, to the best of my ability, perform the duties of this office, and endeavor to make this term a long remembered success of the society.

I only ask that which you have always so freely given your former presidents, and surely trust will be accorded me—that is, your hearty co-operation and support. I thank you.

Russell Wittmer, '14.

Members of the Ciceronian Society, Faculty and Friends:

Since it has been the pleasure of the Ciceronian Society to elect me president of the Society for the second time, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first appearance. However, I wish to express my grateful thanks for the honor with which you have been pleased to look toward me, also to declare that I fully realize, from experience, the greatness of the task before me, but with your hearty support, I will endeavor to do my best in keeping up the standard of success which the society has already achieved and in the future may we, by our earnest efforts, make such progress that our record will be one of which we shall be justly proud.

I thank you.

William Day, '14.

Friends, Schoolmates and Fellow Zedaletheans:

It is with a feeling of awe that I take upon myself the mantle of this dignified office. Had it been within my power to have refused this gift of the Zedalethean Society, I would have done so—not because I would be disloyal to the society, but for the reason that I feel myself incapable of ade-

quately fulfilling the office, and above all of guiding the society so that she might honorably maintain the leadership that has heretofore been hers. Nevertheless, I will try to faithfully execute the office of President, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the constitution and the honor of the Zedalethean Literary Society. And so will I further any condition favorable to the glory and strength of the Society.

But the life of any organization lies in one word, a word that has been the dominating thought of many preceding inaugural addresses. That word is CO-OPERATION. It would be impossible for any organization to become completely successful in which one individual was the sole interested party. Every person should consider himself just as much a necessity to the ultimate success of his organization as his neighbor; and if I may judge aright from observation, this has been the secret of our previous successes. This phase of the question has heretofore been well established, nor do I wish in any way to criticise it, but any broad-minded person will be ready to acknowledge that there is always room for improvement in any excellent organization. It is apparent that we have the loyalty, the interest, and the ability vital to the success of our society. But the point I wish to emphasize is that we could if we would increase the excellence of our productions. There is a tendency to put off, to wait till the last moment in preparing our assignments. Don't you think that we owe it as a duty to our society to overcome this fault? For example—would you not think that an original story spoken in a conversational way without a paper would deserve much more commendation than one poorly read from the page, with no sign of expression to hold the attention of the audience?

I hope the thought I wish to convey can be perceived, even though it has been poorly expressed. It has been apparent from the annals of history that the great men and women who have made a mark in the world had the habit, even when children, of preparing any task given them in such a way as to bring credit to themselves. In fact I believe the way we prepare our orations, readings, papers, etc., is an index, a sort of preface, to our future habits and success in life. Now is the time to perfect the habits that will follow us throughout life, for a habit established early in life eventually becomes a part of the individual.

Efficiency has been the underlying principle of any successful individual or great business corporation. Then if this be true why should we not make **efficiency** the slogan of the Zedalethean Society? Each individual will not find Efficiency the easiest road to travel—the path of least resistance—no, not by any means. But by steady, earnest effort putting the best into every undertaking will make what has heretofore been a task into a pleasure. And so instead of making Efficiency a mere sentiment, let us make it a working principle. I thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

"The Storyteller" sat in "Grandfather's Chair" and the "Little Women" and "Little Men" listened to "The Stories Mother Nature told her Children."

She told them the following well known story: "The Little Colonel. Maid of Honor," whose name was "Mary Ware," was going "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" house when she heard something "Break, Break, Break." She stopped and "Seven Times Seven" looked 'round ere she saw "The Fall of the House of Usher."

She walked slowly on gathering "Bitter-Sweet" and picking "Leaves of Grass," at the same time whispering praises to "The Dandelion" and singing her favorite song, "The Concord Hymn" "To Daffodils" "Under the Greenwood Tree" by "The School at Dotheboy's Hall."

Suddenly "A Wilderness Dog" jumped out followed by "The Circuit Rider," making Mary think of "Horse-Shoe Robinson's Ruse" and "The Revenge" of "Rip Van Winkle" on "Bob and his Friends."

She passed uninjured, however, and as she walked on met the "Merchant of Venice," "Young Lochinvar," riding in the "Bishop's Carriage." He informed her that "The Last of the Mohicans" with "Fitz James and Roderick Dhu" had gone to "Treasure Island" to find "Duty's Leaden Casket." To this Mary replied that she wished they would have the "Adventures of Billy Top Sail" and that if they should find "The Chambered Nautilus" while "Crossing the Bar" to "The Land of Souls," they should bring "The Shell" to "Arnold von Winkelried," "The Village Preacher," who could use it in his "Story of Alnascar," "The First Grenadier of France," who helped "Julius Caesar" sing "The Song of the Chatahochee" to "John Bull and Brother Jonathan" while climbing the "Heights of Abraham" to aid in "The Burial of Moses."

As Mary had started very early in the morning, the folks were just eating breakfast when she arrived. Her cousin, "Tom Brown at Oxford," whom they called "Bob for Short," was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and as they leaned "Over the Teacups" he told them about "The Hard Times" of "The World and Its People" and how "Panama and the Canal" were certainly a "Recessional" to "A Wonder Book."

"Things Will Take a Turn," my dears," said "Grandmother." "Yes. Yes," said "Grandfather," "Just Count the Sunny Days." But "The Young Counsel" declared that "The Crisis" had come and that "The Just and the Unjust" would have to fight, because they never could have "Union and Liberty" unless they did, and that he was "In Favor of Independence," because he had always admired "The Character of Washington," the boy who climbed "One Niche the Highest."

When breakfast was over the grand children, "Six Girls and Bob," made

a "Crown of Wild Olives" for their grandmother for it was her birthday, and then they brought in "The Ring and the Book" which they had bought for her. When their grandmother was young she was called "Kentucky Belle" on account of an "Oval Portrait," which showed her exquisite beauty. She was dressed in "Lavender and Old Lace" and she thought the coronation was a "Divine Comedy."

After dinner they played games and hid their "Aunt Jo's Scrapbag." Then they took a ride on the "Prairie Schooner" down to the "Deserted Village." When this was over "The Shades of Night" were falling, so Mary started home. She needed no lantern for "The Light of Stars" was sufficient and since she was not walking in the crowded street, she did not need to hurry, so she took great pleasure in listening to "The Voices of the Night," and "To a Waterfowl," which was just flying from "The Eagle's Nest."

She was nearly home when she met "A Man Without a Country" singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." He said that he had spent the last "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The "Twelfth Night" he lodged at "The Alhambra" with "The King of the Golden River" where he saw the statue with "The Great Stone Face."

Mary Ware reached home without any more difficulty and her "Dog of Flanders" met her at the gate. She told her father and mother what a good time she had had and learned from them that on the next day she was to go on "A Visit to Niagara;" from there they would go to visit in the West and take in the "Scenery of the Yosemite Valley," and the "Destruction of Sennacherib." She started next morning, happy and excited. That is all I know of Mary Ware except that she saw many things "Little and Great" and led a very "Singular Life."

"Keep a Goin'," cried the attentive children. "Please tell us a 'Story Without an End'!" Then "Mother Nature" told them the "Story of Ruth" in these very words. "The Mid Summer Night's Dream" was over and "The Last Leaf" was about to let go, when "Sir Launfal," a brother to "Maud Muller," rode up to the "Arsenal at Springfield" to help in the "Building of the Ship" in which "Enoch Arden" was to sail with his little daughter "Annabel Lee" to the "Height of the Rediculous." This adventure ended in "The Wreck of the Hesperus." My dears, this all happened on account of the captain not listening to the "Other Wise Man," who told him that if he went to that place he should use "Eskimo Dog Teams," for his ship couldn't sail "Among the Icebergs." But he had "The Sagacity of a Spider" and used the "Perseverance" of "Robinson Crusoe" during the "Discovery of the Mississippi." "The Bold Adventurer" went out into "The Roaring Sea" and "A Storm" came up making them "Snowbound." At this moment the girl cried out "Oh! Captain! My Captain!" and both perished near "The Light House." When they were found they were so covered with salt from

the sea, that she resembled a "Snow Image" and he looked like a "Ruffian in Feathers."

Now, my dears, the "Day is Done" and I trust that "Each and Ali" of you have learned "A Life Lesson" from these two stories. Tomorrow night I shall tell you about "The Blue and the Gray" things of "Life" and about the "Rising of 1776" of "The Forum Scene from Julius Caesar," which I saw last summer while finishing my "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard" on my way to hear "King Henry's Address to His Soldiers" and "The Second Inaugural Address" of "Abow Ben Adhem."

Then Mother Nature sang them a "Psalm of Life" and said "Now, Go to Bed, My Children," or you will not get up before "Daybreak." So saying she bade them all "Good Night."

MAUDE M. ZONKER, '15.

HOW WALTER MURRY'S LIFE WAS CHANGED

In a little Kentucky village there once lived two young men, Walton Murry and Yvon Harris, aged twenty-six and twenty-eight years respectively. They had always known each other and grew to be very close friends. Both were descendants of fine old families, but Walton's parents were by far the more "forehanded," as the Kentuckians said. Yvon was a bright, noble, manly and generous young man. Walton was of somewhat the same temperament, except for a few serious faults, being extremely jealous natured, and not a little "purse proud." He was jealous of Yvon, for although he liked him very much he could not bear to see him prosper. Such is not true friendship.

"Hello," exclaimed the idle Walton heartily as one sunny morning he entered the office where Yvon was employed. The cheery remark he was about to make was left unsaid when he saw his usually busy friend sitting by the window, thoughtfully engaged in looking over some maps.

"Now, what are you thinking about?" asked Walton curiously, as his friend laid aside the maps and offered no explanation of his occupation with them.

"Oh, I was just resting my brain a few minutes," replied Yvon, "I have had a severe headache all morning; I suppose it is the result of so much hard thinking."

"Well, then, don't do it," admonished Walton easily, "I shouldn't. But, by the way, what were you thinking about—figuring around with those old maps when I came in?" asked Walton, curiosity again getting the better of him. "Come, now, I know it's something serious 'cause you were so thoughtful."

"Walton," answered Yvon, "since you ask me 'point blank' and since you and I profess to be good friends, I suppose I had best tell you. You know we hear a great deal about the rich western gold mining districts, where a fortune is made every day, and I think I'd like to try my luck out there. If I should make anything father and mother would not have to work so hard when they are old and feeble."

"Ah, don't think of going," was Walton's advice, prompted by envy, for if Yvon went and stood a chance of coming back wealthy, of course he too must go and how he hated to leave his present life of ease. But if Yvon went he **must** go.

"Yes, I have decided to go and if I had the necessary funds I'd go to-day," was Yvon's reply to Walton's generous advice.

Walton, seeing that his friend's mind was made up, and knowing he, too, would wish to go if Yvon did, yielded with a fairly good grace. "Say," he said, "I'll go with you; we'll hoof it out there and help ourselves to some of Mother Earth's surplus boodle. Then we can come back and set ourselves up as gentlemen. What say you?"

"I say that would be swell! But would you be willing to leave your present life of ease and—and—cash, for a rough miner's life?"

"Well, you just watch me!" was Walton's reply, showing none of the reluctance he really felt. "There's nothing here to amuse a fellow," he went on, "and I want to see a little of the world and try my hand at making a living."

Seeing that Walton was in earnest, Yvon's enthusiasm knew no bounds, and they decided to start in a few days. Their friends thought them foolish, but their parents merely said, "Let them live and learn." After bidding all a gay farewell, the two young men set off on their journey leaving behind them the many loving friends and relatives who had wished them luck and prosperity. They were dressed in rough suits similar to those worn by western miners, and their only luggage was a couple of big revolvers.

The first few days of their journey were very pleasant for it was the spring time, when men's hearts sing and all Nature is astir. But later, as the novelty of "hoofing it" wore off and as they found dwellings becoming fewer and fewer they began to weary of it all and to lose some of their formerly vast stock of enthusiasm and vigor.

As they neared the end of their journey, the towns were farther and farther apart and they could scarcely walk the distance between them in one day. On this account they were sometimes forced to ask lodging at some of the homes along the way. They disliked very much to do this, for they knew that most of the houses were very small, being only large enough to accommodate the family occupying them.

They arrived at a town called Madison, where they "put up for the

night." In the morning they started on their tramp for the next town, Huron, which was about seventy-five miles distant, so they could not expect to be even near it by night. They were making fairly good time when night came on but they resolved to keep on walking for there was no house of any description in sight. Before they had gone many more miles, a storm came up. It was not a mild Spring storm, but one of Winter's first-class blizzards—rain, hail and snow! The young men from gentle-climated Kentucky could scarcely walk, and they felt that they were rapidly freezing to death. Yvon was a true Christian so he prayed God to deliver them from the storm. "Oh, bosh, what're you doing that for?" asked Walton, rudely. "It's no use! He can't stop it any more than I can! I've prayed to Him heaps o' times and never even got a sample of an answer."

"But, Walton, you must always put trust in your prayers," protested Yvon. Yvon's prayer was answered for the storm was over as suddenly as it had come up.

"Say, Yvon," said Walton as he rose from a sitting posture, "get up and look over there," pointing in a northwesterly direction, and as Yvon rose, going on, "Isn't that a light over there? Sure 'tis, and that's where we're going to sleep the rest of the night!" he answered himself excitedly.

"Thank God!" murmured Yvon as they hurried toward the light shown forth from the windows of a little brown house, which they later learned belonged to John Haven. Hopefully they knocked at the door, which was immediately thrown open by a smiling, brown-eyed girl of about eighteen years of age. Hospitably, they were invited to enter.

To their surprise they found it was scarcely nine o'clock and so the storm could not have been of more than fifteen minutes' duration. But here, seated comfortably by the fireside, they forgot the misery of the first part of the evening. Soon they were enjoying a substantial lunch prepared by Lucille Haven, the daughter of their host. They remained with this hospitable family till morning and as they were leaving Yvon said: "Mr. Haven, what can we do for you in return for this kindness to us?"

"Nothing at all," returned the old man, "if we have done you a service, we are glad and you are welcome. I hope we shall see you again."

"We both are certainly very grateful for your favor of last night, and I, too, hope we may meet again," was Yvon's courteous response as he touched his hat to Lucille and hurried away after Walton who had conveniently forgotten his thanks and gone on.

"Say, Yvon," began Walton as his more thoughtful friend overtook him, "do you know there's something attractive about that girl—something I can't quite forget."

"She was not only exceedingly pretty but her manners could not be excelled," answered Yvon.

"I believe such a girl would make a good wife for you, and I think she kind of liked you," said Walton, hoping all the time she hadn't, for, as he expressed it, "he had been hard hit."

"Oh, come," said Yvon, "let's don't talk any more about her, for though we liked her, we'll probably never see her again." With this the subject was dropped and the two friends traveled on. Learning from a man they met that they were near their journey's end they decided to walk on even after nightfall, reaching their destination shortly after dark.

Here they worked for six months, that is, Yvon worked steadily, the work that brings results, while Walton worked by jerks and inspiration. He had no stick-to-itiveness and would have been in for coming home after a few weeks, if only Yvon would have accompanied him. On account of his greater industry, Yvon had accumulated much the larger amount of the yellow product, which, turned into cash, amounted to quite a large sum of money. All that he earned, Yvon thriftily saved, so by the end of six months he was a man of considerable wealth. Walton squandered what little he did earn; he had no object in saving it, for, as he believed, he could go home any time and find a fine home waiting for him, and find a fat sum in the bank in his name. Thinking of this, he loitered while Yvon worked.

One evening when it had grown too dark for Yvon to work and too damp for Walton to rest well on the ground, they were going to their "shack" together, when they heard a scream, quickly muffled, and low, gruff voices. They quickly stepped back into the shadow of some bushes and waited for they knew if the men kept on in the direction they were going when they were heard, they would have to pass the place where the young men were hidden. Soon two rough looking men appeared dragging with them a young girl. The men stopped about twenty feet from the watchers and seemed to be discussing something. The girl turned impatiently and as she did so the light of the moon fell full on her face. To their horror the boys recognized Lucille.

"Come on!" whispered Yvon, "we must rescue that girl if it takes our lives!"

"Yvon Harris," you better chase yourself out of here instead of talking of rescuing a girl from two toughs like those. You must be crazy!" scoffed Walton.

"Yes; but Walton, we really ought, we must rescue Lucille! Her father rendered us service and now we mustn't falter when Lucille is in the gravest danger!" protested Yvon. "Don't act the coward when that poor girl's very life is in danger!"

"Show your bravery then; I'm going to beat it. My life is too precious to hand to those two fellows," was Walton's parting reply as he hurried cautiously away toward the camp.

"May Heaven help me!" prayed Yvon earnestly as he drew his revolver and strode toward the men, commanding them to drop the girl and put up their hands. He was surprised at the readiness with which his commands were obeyed until he saw that neither was armed.

"Oh, Jack," said one as "Jack" showed signs of fist play, "it's all up with us; we might as well drop the game!"

"When we're just caught by a little tenderfoot! I guess not! Hand him a couple, why don't you? I thought you liked to play with little boys!" said Jack, fiercely.

"Yes, but a little boy with a revolver is a pretty dangerous plaything," returned the other. "Here's where I dig out of here!"

Since Yvon knew the advantage with him, he cared little how much the men talked, nor did he care when the one turned and swiftly ran away. Turning to the belligerent Jack, Yvon said, "Now you let go of that girl and follow your friend just about as fast as you can go or I'll put a bullet in you just for fun." With a growl of suppressed rage, Jack released Lucille and "made tracks" as he had been commanded.

Yvon supported poor Lucille to the camp, where, when she was able to talk, she told him her story. The men had robbed her father of everything he possessed and then murdered him so as to capture Lucille. They were trying to force her to go with them to the camp saloon when Yvon rescued her. Great was the chagrin of Walton when Yvon told him of the tame submission of Walton's supposed villains. He saw where he might have gained in Lucille's favor instead of losing as he knew he had done.

In a few days Lucille's health was completely recovered. "Now" said Yvon, "I have been thinking a great deal about your future; I don't intend to remain here much longer and I know you don't care to remain either. Won't you marry me and go home with me as my wife?"

"Oh, Yvon! I should be so happy as your wife," was Lucille's consenting answer.

"I have loved you ever since that night I first saw you and I know we shall be happy," answered Yvon.

Again was Walton disappointed when he heard of their engagement. In two days Mr. and Mrs. Yvon Harris and Walton Murry started for "The Old Kentucky Home." Everyone of the party was glad and happy to go home, but Walton felt a tinge of envy every time he thought of Yvon's great happiness.

When they reached home they found conditions much changed. Walton's father had lost all in a great business deal and, in a fit of despondency over this, committed suicide. Mrs. Murry's health was broken by the shock of her husband's death. If Walton had only saved his earnings in the mine he might at least have made her comfortable, but alas! he had only a few

paltry dollars left! He must now work for his and Mrs. Murry's living. On the other hand Yvon's folks had prospered and were comfortably situated in a little new home when their now wealthy son returned to them with his bride. Yvon used his money to set himself up in business and to arrange a beautiful home for himself and his bride. Learning of Walton's straitened circumstances, Yvon loaned him enough money to "set him on his feet again," as Walton expressed it. Thus the proud, idle Walton Murry was made to realize that "a friend in need is a friend in deed."

FLORENCE STROW, '16.

"TWICE TOLD TALES."

March had "come in like a lion." The sharp, strong wind made the night so cold that the loafers around the stove in the dingy village store, vaguely appreciated its hospitable warmth. This was the same old crowd around the same old stove. There had been unusual silence for some time, broken only when some one of the loungers spat a "hefty chaw" into the conveniently-near receptacle or when some one scratched a match to light his pipe. Finally, the professional loafer and village "yarn-spinner" knocked the ashes from his old corn-cob pipe and drawled: "'Twas jest sech a night as this; jest sech a night." His mind seemed greatly relieved after this ponderous remark and he leisurely proceeded to refill his pipe. But the company had scented a story, and shook off its drowsiness to such an extent as to seem respectably interested and curious. "G'wan Bill," said the fellow to the right of the "Spinner," nudging him with his elbow, "G'wan an' spin'er."

Bill lolled back in his chair and puffed away comfortably for a few minutes, during which the company, though slightly impatient, disposed themselves in various attitudes of repose and attention.

"Wal," leisurely proceeded Bill, "as I was a sayin', jest sech a night as this, nigh about fifty years ago, I s'pect, an' a little saloon stood jest across the road there where that old ramshackle store house stan's now. Jolly little place, too, I tell yer! On the evening I was a speakin' of I was a-settin' there, chattin' social like when I seen two fellers drive up, look 'round sort o' skeary like, an' jump out an' tie. The feller I was talkin' to, he noticed of 'em, too, but we didn't say nuthin'. Wal, them two fellers came in, ordered the drinks an' made merry in a sort o' nervous way. I set an' watched 'em, but Jim, he shook his head an' then got up an' sneaked out. Purty

soon the men left, an' I'll tell ye the rest jest as my friend told me. He said when he heerd 'em comin' out he jest lopped up agin the side of the saloon like he was jest about as drunk as he could git. He purty nigh froze before they got their nags untied an' he wished he was in the saloon agin. But all on a sudden he heerd sumpin they said that froze all his blood. One feller was in the wagon holdin' their team, an' totherin' was lookin' around after what they had in the back of the wagon. "Got yer hooks?" asked the feller in the wagon, an' that's what s'p'ried my friend so much, 'cause 'twas from that, ye see, that he knowed the fellers was grave robbers, and it jest struck him then that they was goin' to the cemetery. He thot he'd jest foller 'em to sort o' satisfy his wonderin's as well as to warm him up a bit. But when he got there (they'd beat him o' course,) he saw a sight that made him freezin' cold agin and nearly turned his hair plum white. There was them two miscreants; they'd got quite a lot o' dirt dug out o' the grave of a feller that had been jest freshly buried a week er two before. They didn't s'pect no one was watchin' so wasn't none too cautious, but jest worked right on. When they'd dug quite a while longer, they reached down into the grave with them trusty hooks o' theirn an' to the orful horror o' poor Jim they hauled out the poor dead corpse of a man. They gazed on this orful gruesome piece o' work with satisfaction, an' to the growin' wonder of my friend they proceeded to put an old great cloak on the poor dead body of the corpse an' then pulled a rusty old slouch hat down over the poor feller's unseein' eyes. This done they leaned their poor captive up agin a tree 'most nigh enough fer Jim to tech him. Tell yer what Jim's shivers grew more an' more plentiful after that, but he stuck right there to see what they'd do. The two orful soulless critters then rattled the stones an' dirt back into the grave an' made ready to depart from the scene of their dastardly villyuny. Then they took up their poor captive corpse an' set him real firm onto the wagon seat; then one got in on each side of him. They rattled along back to town with Jim a follerin' all unbeknownst to them. His teeth, they jest fairly rattled an' his blood was froze waterfalls in his veins, but he wouldn't chuck the job now; Oh, no, not on yer life! What'd you think that feller did? Why, when he seen them black souled, yaller livered galoots stop at that saloon jest like civilized folks, after handin' the lines to the poor dead corpse (who really was lookin' sorter gay an' chipper like) an' then run in, his nerve wasn't unstrung no more, an' he made up his mind. He hops into the wagon, tosses on the poor corpse's riggins, throws the corpse down by the saloon, and places himself where the poor old dead feller had been. When the fellers came out after takin' a bracer er two they natcherly thought Jim was thir prize, an' drove off. They was crossin' a railroad a little later, where the wind jest come atearin' down the track, an' it was most beastly cold! The fellers had been too nervous an' scared-like

to talk fer some time back, an' hadn't paid no 'tention to Jim who was fairly comfortable up there between 'em. But when that cold railroad wind hit 'em, one of 'em thought he'd call up a little nerve, so he gives Jim a poke in the ribs with his elbow an' half yells, "Hey, h'are, ye old stiff?"

"Purty blame cold!" says Jim, matter of factedly. Wal, them was two of the scaredest villyuns this side of sunset! They didn't wait fer no interdution to their "old stiff" but hopped offen the wagon an' cut fer high timber, an' they hain't nuther one been heerd of since. Jim he was jest left to laff till his sides ached and he was warm agin. He advertised his wagon an' team fer some time, but no one came to claim 'em, so he was finally forced to sell 'em. The poor dead body of the corpse was returned to its rightful restin' place, and Jim's been a hero ever since."

Old Bill wound up his story impressively by punctuating his closing remarks with luxurious puffs at his replenished pipe. All the company were silent with admiration; all but one who, after a few moments, said: "Aw, that yarn ain't so bad, Bill, but I kin go ye one better." The speaker was the joke of the crowd, so his announcement was hailed with some little enthusiasm. He was then urged to "go ahead an' spin his yarn, an' then they'd all quit fer one night," each one silently hoping that his "yarn" would be jolly enough to dispel the indescribable feelings, partly of fear and partly of superstitious dread brought on by Bill's gruesome narration.

"'Course," went on the man who was to tell the story, "this ain't no sech hair raisin' story as that'n' of Bill's, but it's my own personal 'sperience, an if any o' you fellers believes it when I'm through, I'm willin' to prove tain't so. Wal, when I was workin' fer a saw m'll company, I hauled logs. One day the load got stuck, stuck so fast the horses couldn't begin to budge it. I'd have made 'em pull harder, only jest then it began to rain and the horses was pullin' so hard an' the tugs a stretch'n' so, 'count of 'em gettin' wet that all on a sudden we found ourselves at the barn, an' the load still down in the woods; I was scandalized but I jest tied them there stretched tugs to the fence an' put the team away. Jest as I came out of the barn the sun commenced to shine, an' I stood there in the barn door jest completely struck dumb, fer there was them tugs jest a dryin' and a shortenin' up in the sunshine an', as you live, a drawin' that great hefty load o' logs to the barn jest about as fast as it could come! Now, you can believe this er not jest as yer judgment tells ye."

A hearty laugh rewarded the "spinner" and there was a unanimous sigh of sincere relief that his story had not been of the "hair raisin'" sort as was Bill's, for some of them must pass the cemetery on their way home. The last "yarn" helped them to shake off the lethargy into which they had been thrown by Bill's story, and they rose in groups of two or three, leaving with seeming reluctance,

LOTTA McGIFFIN, '15.

A Psalm of Latin

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Latin is an empty dream!
For the boys who can't get Latin,
Must be duller than they seem.

Latin's real: Latin's earnest;
Not an idle waste of time,
For the pleasures will be ours,
When we get to reading rhyme.

Not a drudgery or a sorrow,
Will our Latin lessons be
If our grades by patient study
We can raise from forty-three.

Latin's hard and time is fleeting,
But we daily march to class,
And our hearts like drums are beating
When we ask if we will pass.

In each daily lesson's battle,
In the language of ancient life:
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a student in the strife.

Trust not chance for learning Latin,
Study when the rest's in bed:
Study in the living present,
Heart within, success ahead.

Lives of scholars all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
By translations left behind us,
To help other dumb mankind.

Translations that perhaps another
Studying hard of ancient men,
A forlorn, discouraged brother
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
With the heart and head begin:
Be determined, be deserving—
Learn your Latin and you'll win.

Russell Wittmer

LONE STAR

Bill Gregory, the Texas ranchman, had come to the "store" to purchase some "Tobaccer" and discuss the news of the day with the proprietor, for although the event of sufficient moment to be discussed might have happened several weeks before, it was, nevertheless, news to Bill, who lived on his own ranch, ten miles from the settlement.

He had scarcely filled and lit his pipe, settling himself to the enjoyment of it and of the discussion of the news, when his pleasure was rudely broken in upon by the arrival of three stalwart Indians of the Lone Star tribe, camping among the low hills, fifty miles west of the settlement. The tribe of which these three Indians were members, belonged to that great class of American Indians, who, from their contact and intercourse with Spaniards, are commonly known as "Greasers."

The three entered the store and looked about them curiously; at last the tallest Indian, whose name was "Glittering Snake," and who knew a few words of English, beckoned for the proprietor to follow him. Luke Emmons, owner of the store, went with the Indian as far as the door, where he found spread out for his inspection, several splendid hides.

"Give whiskey for these?" asked Glittering Snake, indicating the hides with one hand, while with the other he pointed longingly to a keg of "fire-water" standing near by.

With many words, aided by signs, the proprietor made the prospective trader understand that he would give three-fourths of a keg of whiskey for the hides.

"No, no!" protested Glittering Snake, stubbornly. "One keg," plainly showing that he and his companions would be satisfied with no less than the entire contents of the keg. Finally a trade satisfactory to both Emmons and the Indian was arranged, and the three were about to depart in great satisfaction, when the blustering ranchman advanced with a self-important swagger. Authoritatively laying his hand on the shoulder of the Indian who had made the bargain, he said: "Whiskey is not good for Indians; put the keg down."

The Indians apparently understood him for they reluctantly placed the keg on the floor, but made no move to depart without the precious keg. Glittering Snake turned to speak with his companions, and while they were talking, the proprietor began expostulating angrily with the ranchman, who was thus spoiling a trade of very great advantage to him. However, the ranchman promised to pay to the losing proprietor the full value of the skins, which promise pacified him.

By this time the Indians seemed to have arrived at a conclusion of some

kind, for the spokesman turned toward Gregory, addressing him in these words: "Whiskey good for Indian; no worse for Indian than for cattleman! He drink rum." And he thus proved his shrewdness and that he could reason things out for himself. Seeing, however, that this form of reasoning did not convince the ranchman, he advanced an argument which he felt sure would influence him to let them carry away with them the coveted keg of firewater. So he said, calmly and doggedly: "Whiskey is good for red man; big chief drink whiskey. Him big! him great warrior!" But Glittering Snake was disappointed for the whiteman did not appear to be greatly impressed by the statement that the great chief of the Lone Star tribe liked whiskey and was a great warrior.

"Well," blustered the ranchman, "just 'cause your great chief 'Little Bear' hasn't been hurt from drinking whiskey, is no saying that he wouldn't be if he got it often enough. Look at me," and the ranchman swaggered proudly across the floor, "I'm big and strong, and I **don't** drink whiskey."

"White man no need to drink whiskey. Him drink Bino," said the shrewd Indian, who knew that, though the white man might not drink whiskey, he had for it a substitute which far surpassed their humble whiskey in quality, and from settlers they had learned that the name of this was Bino.

Though the ranchman was considerably taken aback by this assertion, he persistently refused to allow them to take with them the joy-inspiring "firewater," and finally they reluctantly gathered up the bundle of hides and departed to the westward, without evincing the least anger or resentment toward the ranchman, which attitude, being so very unusual, might have warned the rash rancher that he should be on the look out for danger.

As it was, however, he returned to his seat in the store, and for more than an hour talked "Temperance" with the proprietor. Late in the afternoon he arose, and bidding farewell to his friend, started home. He gave no further thought to the occurrence of the morning, much less to what might be its probable result, but whistled gaily as he rode toward home.

II

Breaking the News.

After the Indians left the store, they mounted their ponies, and without a word to each other, started on their way back to their tribe, camping among the low hills fifty miles west of the settlement. The officious ranchman, who had prevented their getting the whiskey, which had been the sole object of their fifty mile ride, was not a stranger to them, for they had met him several times during their trips to the settlement. These trips had generally been made for the same purpose as the present one, and frequently the ranchman had witnessed their trades with the proprietor of the store, but never before had he presumed to interfere in any way with their deals. His uncalled-for interference on this occasion was bitterly resented by the

three Indians, though outwardly they had appeared to agree with the ranchman. It was of this they were thinking as they rode homeward. With the increasing of the distance between them and the store, their anger and resentment increased, and when first they realized that their long ride had been for nothing, the disappointment rankled worse than ever and they expressed their dissatisfaction in angry, disgusted grunts.

"Ugh!" this from Glittering Snake, who had acted as spokesman at the store. "What Chief Little Bear say! We no bring firewater; chief mad! Sabe?" Thus, angrily mixing their smattering of English words with Spanish and with their own language, he continued to point out to his companions how angry the chief would be when they returned without the longed for firewater. It appeared from their conversation that the tribe had had none for many weeks and undoubtedly the chief and his braves were exceedingly thirsty.

The three were quite undecided whether to turn back to the store and force the proprietor to let them take the keg and its precious contents, or to proceed to camp and lay the matter before their chief, leaving him to deal with the rash ranchman. After some little discussion they decided upon the latter course, and, with their spirits revived by thoughts of the vengeance which they knew would be meted out to the rancher when they should have reported the affair to the chief, they spurred their ponies to greater speed and reached their camp during the latter part of the night.

Of necessity they waited till the morning to break the news to Little Bear, who, in his tent, was as impatient as it is possible for an Indian to be, at the delay in bringing to him the expected firewater, which he knew ought to have been brought into camp several hours earlier. The non-appearance of his messengers at the time when he had expected them to return, and their continued absence throughout the greater part of the night, tended in no way to increase his amiability, so that by morning he was in a mood that boded ill for the ranchman, when the old chief learned that it was on account of his interference that the whiskey had not been brought. At the completion of Glittering Snake's story, Chief Little Bear's anger was at white heat, but with the stolidity characteristic of his savage race, he spoke of the matter to his braves as calmly as if it seemed to him as trivial a matter as moving camp, while in reality he regarded the white man's act as one to be avenged as soon and as terribly as possible.

He immediately sent out his messengers to call together his Council of the best young braves and fiercest old warriors in the Lone Star tribe, and in a short time they had arrived at the chief's lodging. Assembled around the campfire, the company smoked in silence, meditating and duly deliberating upon the weighty problem under consideration. Finally the discussion of it in all its phases and details was begun and the company's anger grew

apace. The result of the discussion and their anger was a plot, which when the assembly had been dismissed and had departed, the chief pondered upon with the greatest satisfaction.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with a satisfied nod, "Lone Star Injuns make white cattleman's heart bleed!"

III

Little Bear's Revenge

The quiet, starry night was closing peacefully down on the broad Texas plains as Bill Gregory came out of the ranch house for a last inspection of the cattle sheds before "turning in" for the night. Bill was whistling cheerily, partly from happiness and partly from the effects of the "social glass or two" he had taken with his cowboys, when, earlier in the evening, they had departed for a dance in the nearest settlement town, ten miles distant. As he made his rounds he smacked his lips in anticipation of his enjoyment of the whiskey punch which he knew old "Mom Jozaine," the Greaser servant was brewing up at the ranch house. Thoughts of the punch and the coming "good cheer" of the evening recalled to his mind memories of his encounter with the Indians at the store. He smiled reminiscently at thoughts of the "Temperance Lecture" he had delivered to the Indians a few days before and he wondered what Glittering Snake would think if he could but look in upon the occupants of the ranch house that night.

"Well, talk's cheap and they'll never know the difference; don't care if they do!" he finished carelessly, and with a final chuckle at his memory of the discomfiture of the three disappointed Indians, he began singing loudly:

"I wish I was in Orleans City,

All the girls there are so pretty!"

"Where's the gal?" he asked of Mom Jozaine, as he entered the house removed his hat and coat, and settled himself in one of the two chairs the room contained. In his question he referred to his daughter, for Bill Gregory had a daughter, a graceful, beautiful little maiden of seventeen summers. Her mother, wonderfully beautiful, had been a Mexican girl of rank, and had married the reckless, boisterous Bill Gregory when, as a mate of a sailing vessel, he touched the coast near her home. She had died when Anita, the daughter, was eight years old, and Bill had then left the sea to settle down, after a few more years of roaming, on the Ranch, where he was living at the time of this story. It was during his life on the sea that he had acquired his blustery, reckless habits and his roughness of character. Despite these faults he loved his daughter, endeavoring to educate her and to give her advantages which he had not had.

"Where's the Gal?" he repeated as the old woman did not appear to hear his first question.

"She's gone to 'er room," was the answer, spoken in English but with

Spanish accent. "Tell you, Bill, that gal don't go much on the sort of spree me an' you love of an evenin' like this. That gal's too high-flyin' fer Texas."

"That gal's a lady, through an through! An' I don't mean she shall like 'sprees' like we do. Sabe? This sort of thing's all right fer us, but it won't do fer her. I mean she shall stay too high flyin' fer sech affairs. Sabe? But, say, old woman, I got sumpin' funny to tell you," whereupon he related to the much interested "old woman" his experience with the three Indians and their whiskey. She laughed loudly at the conclusion of the narrative, wherein Bill told her of his promise to pay the proprietor the worth of the skins in gold.

"But nary a penny'll he git," he exclaimed with emphasis, slapping his knee gleefully. Old Jozaine was curious to know why he had suddenly taken a stand for Temperance, and he explained that "it wasn't one of his strong points, and he'd just done it on the impulse of the moment, without any thought of the good of the redskins, but just to see how much he could bully them." The old woman laughed appreciatively, and began serving the hot punch.

In a couple of hours the ranch house had become the scene of such a carousal that a sudden peal of thunder or the boom of cannon would have passed unnoticed. Within the ranch house there was as much noise and confusion as it was possible for two people to make; it was no wonder that they did not hear the foot-falls of the Indians, stealthily approaching the window. Much less could they be expected to know that a party of fourteen Lone Star Braves waited only a short distance from the house, for this was the very night chosen by Little Bear's council for the carrying out of their plot against the rancher.

The party had arrived near the ranch just after dark, and had tethered their mounts about five hundred yards from the house. They had not known of the absence of the cowboys, but when one of their number, who had been sent ahead as a scout, returned and reported this fact, they expressed their thorough satisfaction by nods and low muttered grunts of approval, and then settled themselves to await the favorable hour. They had both seen and heard Bill as he went on his tour of inspection. They also saw him return to the house, and, at the first sound of the carousal, a stalwart Indian, Glittering Snake, in fact, slipped warily to the ranch house window and proceeded to watch what was going on within.

The sight which met his eyes was one which made him stare in amazement—unemotional Indian as he was—for there within, standing on a chair, was Bill Gregory, whom he (the Indian) had reason to believe the most temperate of men, holding aloft a cup of steaming punch and shouting at the top of his voice: "Here's to yer 'ealth, old woman!" after which he swallowed the liquor at one gulp."

About twelve o'clock, just when the disgusted Glittering Snake was beginning to get impatient and more than a little tired, the evening carousal ended as the participants fell in a drunken stupor from which the Indian knew it would be several hours before they would awake. So he stole softly to his waiting companions, telling them of the state of affairs up at the ranch house. At one time during the carousal, becoming tired of watching the scene, he had gone on a tour of inspection, to discover, if possible, where the girl's room might be found, for the plot of the Lone Stars was to carry away Bill Gregory's daughter and thus be revenged upon him for his offensive interference in their plans. The watchers had found their wait tedious and were all the more ready to accompany him when he reported his important discovery. Without making a sound they approached the room they knew to be occupied by the girl, and without a glance at the room which had been the scene of the carousal, they entered the girl's room through a window. In a moment they had wrapped the still sleeping girl in a blanket and were off to their horses. She awoke when placed on a pony, but seeing who her captors were and supposing herself miles from the ranch house, the light in which had been extinguished by a puff of wind, she refrained from screaming and resolved to be brave, regardless of what might come. The other braves were mounted and in a minute the party, with the girl in their midst, were galloping westward over the plains as fast as their ponies could carry them.

It was a long, hard ride, and the girl was beginning to think she had ridden for hours and would ride on for many more, when they reached the low hills among which the camp was located. She was assisted from her pony by Glittering Snake, who apparently considered her his own captive, and was ceremoniously presented to the chief by her grave captor.

"O! great chief of the Lone Star tribe, here is the girl," said Glittering Snake, magnificently, in his own tongue.

The great chief gazed at the frightened captive in great satisfaction, and addressed a few words to her in a language which she did not understand, but which Glittering Snake interpreted to mean that the chief wished to know her name.

"Anita Gregory," answered the girl; but the chief was unable to pronounce the name even after it had been several times repeated. He finally shook his head, and gave up the attempt, saying that he could not give her that name. Glittering Snake explained the dilemma to Anita, saying:

"Chief no say white girl's name; he no speak language of Paleface. Why not white girl take Indian name?"

To this Anita agreed, thinking the name of very little consequence, and leaving the choice of it to her captors. "Why not," he asked, "call white maiden Prairie Lily?" Anita was indifferent, but the chief had an inspira-

tion and suggested that, as she was the only white maiden in the tribe, she be called "Lone Star." This rather poetic fancy of the old chief was interpreted to Anita and the name was immediately accepted, for already the white girl entertained a sort of respectful admiration for the old chief.

Finally the chief signified his willingness that she should go, and called a young Indian maiden who led her to a little tent in the circle around the chief's lodge. It was readily understood by Anita, or "Lone Star," as she was now called, that the Indians did not intend to harm her; only to hold her captive for a while. Of course she was completely in the dark as to their reason for holding her captive, but in this respect she was enlightened in one of her frequent talks with Glittering Snake, who seemed to have conceived a sort of friendly regard for her. One day he came up to her as she sat idly watching the children playing in the sun and said:

"Lone Star ever wonder why she's here?" At this Lone Star grew glad with the hope that now at least one mystery would be explained, so she answered, "Yes, Lone Star has often wondered why is it I am kept here?"

"Lone Star no like Indian's home?" asked Glittering Snake, anxiously, for he feared the girl was unhappy in their camp.

"Yes, Yes!" answered Lone Star, impatiently. "I like it well enough, but I can't see why I'm here. If father were here, I'd like it better."

"Girl's father bad white man. Him reason why you're here," was the startling reply of the Indian, who spoke as if convinced he were right.

"Tell me all about it," pleaded Lone Star, and Glittering Snake indignantly told her of his deal at the store.

"Cattle man set still; watch Glittering Snake make trade; say nothing till trade made. Then he jump up; come tell Injun whiskey no good for red man; no let red man take keg. Him heap, very bad man," said Glittering Snake emphatically, plainly revealing to Lone Star how great a disappointment it was for them to be compelled to leave the keg at the store.

"My father was just right," said the girl. "Whiskey is bad for Indians as well as for white men."

"Father just right!" snorted the Indian. "Father heap liar! say him no drink whiskey; Indian believe him, then. Know better, now. Him great liar. Glittering Snake watch him and old squaw through window. See'em dance and drink!" and he proceeded to describe some of the scenes of that carousal he had witnessed to the incredulous girl. She had known her father drank, but not so much in excess as this red man pictured him doing. She was surprised that her father had interfered in the deal, knowing how he had little respect for the "dudes," as he called them, who did not drink, and she rightly accorded the deed to one of his impulses.

"Glittering Snake seen 'em night when braves stole Lone Star. Indians got revenge now!" concluded the Indian, and at last Lone Star understood

why she was held a captive. It was to be revenged upon her father for his interference.

She soon became accustomed to Indian ways and the life lost its interest with its novelty for her. She became lonely and homesick and wished for some one besides Glittering Snake to talk to. She wished for some one of her own race to talk to. One day her wish was unintentionally granted.

Coming of the Paleface

A young prospector, on his way across the plains to a big settlement near the river, lost his way, and unaware of his nearness to an Indian camp, was captured by a party of Lone Star braves, who took him to their chief. He was first regarded as an enemy, but when with great difficulty he explained to the chief, and with the aid of Glittering Snake made him understand, he was urged to remain until the tribe moved on, when he might accompany them to the river. They had intended to move on in about a week.

The two white captives soon knew of each other's presence and at last became acquainted, learning from each other their reasons for captivity.

"What is your real name?" asked Lone Star of the stranger, whom she sincerely welcomed and whom she knew by his Indian name, "Lost Paleface."

"Jim Dunbar," answered the prospector, "and by the way, your name certainly isn't 'Lone Star' as I've heard some of your red friends call you?"

"No," answered she, indicating that he must not speak so loudly, "My Indian name is 'Lone Star' but my own name is Anita Gregory. I am the daughter of a ranchman, and was stolen from my home that these Indians might avenge a trivial offense of his." And she related to the much interested stranger, much the same as they had been related to her, the circumstances preceding her abduction by Glittering Snake and the other braves. The prospector was amused at the story but nevertheless sympathized with the miserably homesick captive, who, unlike himself, stood little chance of being liberated.

Every day they found ample opportunity to talk with each other, and often they marveled at the friendliness of the Indians. But one of the tribe was beginning to feel less friendly to the visitor known as 'Lost Paleface.' Glittering Snake had observed with jealousy the growing intimacy between the two white people, and feared that the "White Lily," as he persisted in calling Lone Star, did not admire him as much as formerly. At last he determined to carry his grievance to Little Bear, with whom he, being a very promising young warrior, was a great favorite. The old chief granted all that Glittering Snake asked, and decreed that Lost Paleface should not be freed at the promised time, and not only must he be held a prisoner, but in the meantime he would not be allowed to see or speak with Lone Star. Glittering Snake was much gratified and hastened to put in force the decrees of the chief, making Lone Star more miserable and homesick, if that were

possible, than she had been before the coming of the Lost Paleface. Together they had found a splendid plan for her rescue, and he was to put the plan in operation after his arrival at the settlement. Now all this was ended, Lone Star thought, when a few days later Lost Paleface disappeared, and she learned from the ever present Glittering Snake that the white man had been traded to a neighboring tribe for three whole kegs of whiskey. If Glittering Snake had expected her to evince any pleasure at the success of this deal, he must have been much disappointed, for Lone Star thought that with Lost Paleface her last hope of delivery had gone, and she could feel nothing but contempt for the almost savage people about her, who were content with whiskey. When Lone Star did not talk with him as usual, Glittering Snake thought she must be angry and would best be alone, so arose and walked away, leaving her to her desolate thoughts.

"Well," thought Lone Paleface as he rode away with his new captors, more a prisoner than ever, "they certainly are foolish to trade away 'fire-water' that they can't get very often, for a Paleface that can't possibly do them any good. I can't see any reason unless they're making a collection of white men," and he tried to see something cheerful in the aspect of the future, but failed as he thought how much confidence Lone Star had placed in their plan for her rescue.

At last they reached camp and for the present he put away his melancholy thoughts, becoming interested in spite of himself in the extensive preparations being made for some event. The prisoner was securely bound and placed in a tent with only a squaw to guard him. He tried to talk with her but she could not speak a word of English. He grumblingly wished that he might have had a guard who knew a little something, and finally he was permitted to talk to a young Indian who knew a little English. In answer to the prisoner's question the young brave informed him that all the braves were going to war the next day and that this was the reason for so extensive preparations. Further, the much interested prisoner was told that he might see the fierce war dance. This appeared to be calculated to last until morning and when at last Lost Paleface wearied of its monotony, he lay down and slept a while in spite of the noisy proceedings outside. Watching, at sunrise the next morning, from the door of his wigwam, the prisoner saw the magnificently painted braves ride away to war. Only one brave, the one who spoke English, was ordered to remain at home, with the women, children and prisoner.

From this loquacious guard the prisoner learned that the tribe with whom his captors were at war was the very one that was holding Lone Star a prisoner. Upon hearing this the white man thought with the rapidity of lightning, and when suddenly it flashed upon him that during the war, when the warriors were necessarily absent, either they might kill the girl or leave

her with only the squaws as guards, he again began to hope. He knew there was but one chance in a hundred that they had left so great a responsibility as guarding the captive to the women, but it was possible, at least, and he immediately began to form plans for his own escape after which he thought it would be an easy matter to rescue Lone Star, granting, of course, that she were still alive, and that his own escape be before the return of the Lone Star braves to their tribe. At last he hit upon a plan that seemed plausible enough, and he called the brave to him, saying: "While all the braves are gone and the chief is gone too, you're boss here, so why can't you let me go?" But the Indian merely shook his head by way of answer. Only a little discouraged, however, the prisoner remarked: "I'll make it worth your while: I'll give you this and this," producing first a watch then a handful of small change.

The Indian looked greedily at the price of the prisoner's escape, but grunted contemptuously: "Huh! Indian kill Lost Paleface and get 'em 'thout making chief mad." And he held out his hand for the treasures, at the same time threatening the life of the prisoner if the trifles were not immediately given up. Lost Paleface saw the foolish mistake he had made, and gave the watch and coins to the brave. He remained silent some time then, trying to think of another plan of escape. Finally he asked of the warrior: "Do you like firewater?"

Instantly there came a gleam into the eyes of the guard and he answered with emphasis: "Indian love firewater," and then, with regret in his voice, he added: "Haint got none now; chief trade it all off to Lone Star tribe for Lost Paleface. Now god of firewater will help Lone Star Indians win fight." And the Indian sighed.

"I can help you get some more if you'll help me get away," replied the prisoner eagerly. "I will send you a whole keg of firewater as soon as I reach some settlement. Will that be all right with you?"

The Indian wavered, but to the dismay of the prisoner, he continued to hesitate and ponder. Finally he said: "How Indian know you will do what you promise?"

"Curse the stupidity of the Indian! but curse a whole lot more their shrewdness," said the despairing prisoner to himself. Then he said to the Indian: "If you'll help me get away and give me a horse, promise first, though, I'll tell you."

The Indian thought a moment and hesitated, but whiskey was too great a temptation and finally he rather reluctantly consented. He unbound the prisoner and led him to a pony. Lost Paleface refused to mount until the Indian threw aside all weapons, then jumping into the saddle he handed the Indian a pint flask of whiskey, saying as he did so, "This is all I have with me; take it as a promise that I'll bring more," and without waiting for the

Indian's reply he dashed away with the wish uppermost in his mind that he might reach the Lone Star camp before the braves returned from war.

He shook his head thoughtfully as he recalled to mind the eagerness with which the guard had accepted the flask and the promise.

"Whiskey will be the ruin of the race," he said, prophetically, and then with a smile he rather inconsistently remarked to himself: "I wish it would rain whiskey on the grave of that old red skin, for this wish is the nearest to whiskey he'll ever get from me!"

In the meantime he was going as fast as the pony could carry him toward the camp of the Lone Star Indians, whom he knew were camping not far away. By night he was within a mile of Little Bear's camp, which, as he had hoped, was occupied only by women and children. In hunting a place to tether his pony he came upon the few ponies the braves had not taken with them. They were unwatched, and the idea suddenly struck Lost Paleface, that if he could succeed in rescuing Lone Star, he must procure a pony for her so as to take her with him. He secured one of the drove to a stake and then turning loose his tired mount he caught and tethered another of Little Bear's ponies for himself. He then lay down and rested several hours, watching the Lone Star campfires. He wondered if Lone Star were yet alive and hope whispered that she was. When it became really dark, he approached the camp. It was necessary to use the savages' own methods to circumvent the savage, he thought, and so approached warily. He knew that Lone Star's tent was near that of the chief of the tribe and he knew, too, that the tents about the chief's lodging were occupied by the warriors, and so argued that in time of war all the tents around that lodging would be unoccupied. This gave him great satisfaction, for it made his exploit comparatively easy. He almost shouted with joy, as, without a sound he reached the door of Lone Star's tent, and looking in, dimly saw the girl. She was not asleep and suppressed a desire to scream when she recognized Lost Paleface. He admonished her to be quiet and then in low whispers told her of his plan and arrangements for departure. She immediately agreed and they were off, stealthily, to the ponies, a little distance from the camp. Lone Star could not speak her gratitude when Lost Paleface headed their ponies eastward toward her own home. They gave the camp a wide berth and then urged their ponies into a gallop. They had scarcely been gone an hour when the warriors, victorious, arrived home.

The women were awakened and greeted the braves with wild demonstrations of joy. As soon as he could, Glittering Snake searched for Lone Star, whom Little Bear had promised him as a bride if he won merit in battle. He was now coming to claim her, and his surprise and anger were great when he found her gone. He reported his discovery to the chief, who in turn questioned the women, whose surprise was as great as his own. The

Indians immediately concluded that her father had rescued her and thought that it were not best to try to re-capture her immediately.

In the meantime Lost Paleface and his companion were galloping toward the ranch which they reached some time in the afternoon. They were met by the overjoyed rancher who, as he embraced his daughter and welcomed the stranger, remarked:

"Well, daughter, one good thing come of them redskins' love of fire-water. When I come to my senses about noon of the day after you was took by them redskins, and found you was gone and where you'd gone, I swore if ever I found you, I wouldn't drink another drop o' liquor. I haint! And, young man, you have my heartiest thanks if them's worth anything."

"They are," answered Lost Paleface, "and I accept them. I have concluded to live in Texas the rest of my days, and 'Lone Star will tell you our other plans."

I s'pose so!" exclaimed the rancher heartily, and then as he looked fondly at the two young people, he added: "I'm proud o' you children and I sure will stick to my resolution, now. Ben't you proud of me?"

A SENIOR, '14.

FOR THE LAST TIME

"For the last time!" Geoffrey said to himself, as with varying emotions he stepped into the carriage and seated himself beside the smiling girl who was to drive him to the station for the early morning train; he was simply echoing her words of the night before.

"All right, Max!" he said lightly. So Max touched the pony with her whip and they were on their way.

It was a glorious summer morning and Geoffrey and Max apparently enjoyed the drive even though the conditions now were very much changed. Yesterday afternoon she had met him at the train and they had driven back together an engaged pair. But since then their engagement had ended by mutual consent, and this morning found them merely friends.

Geoffrey Maitland and Maxine Wright had known each other all their lives and had been engaged to one another (off and on) for years. Their first engagement, while he was still in college and she just out of school, was broken by Max in a fit of childish jealousy because he had gone on a picnic and had had a good time with the other girls, though she had been unexpectedly kept at home. But after a few weeks' interval and a due show of penitence on his part, she had forgiven him and taken him back into her favor.

The next break occurred soon after Geoffrey's graduation. His father had set him up in business and he wanted to be married at once. But Max had set her heart on spending the summer abroad, and when Geoffrey unreasonably declared she must marry him now or never, Max returned the ring.

But the summer did not prove as pleasant as she anticipated, and she was honestly glad to see Geoffrey waiting on the dock when the vessel reached its New York pier. He had a big bunch of roses for her, and when she discovered her engagement ring tied clumsily among the stems, she laughed, blushed and slipped it on again.

That had occurred three years before the present time, and since then Geoffrey had the grace to be patient, to say the least. Indeed, he could not be otherwise than patient for his first business venture had not been a success and soon he found himself in no position to marry. Fortunately the failure which had at one time seemed inevitable had been averted, and presently the tide of his fortune turned.

But when Geoffrey was once more in a position to think of marriage he had made the startling discovery that during all this time his tastes had been developing in one direction and Max's in another, and that now they were no longer as congenial as before.

He was a born athlete, a lover of all outdoor sports, and just at present golf engrossed most of his leisure time. But Max cared nothing for sports of any kind and she was so entirely wrapped up in working girls vacation clubs and college settlements, and all sorts of charitable schemes that Geoffrey was bored to death in hearing of them. Who possibly could have foreseen that such a pretty girl as Max would all of a sudden have taken such a serious turn!

Geoffrey had thought very often about all this lately, and sometimes had wondered if it would not be better for them both to separate in time, rather than to marry and go on growing apart and be miserable for life. It had been the subject uppermost in his mind when he had arrived the afternoon before, and it had been a relief as well as a surprise to him when Max had frankly broached the subject.

They talked it all over together, reasonably, discussing their varying tastes, their chances for future unhappiness, and in conclusion had calmly agreed that it would be better—ininitely better—to put an end to their engagement now with no feeling but one of perfect friendship and good will on either side.

"But we must remember," Max had added with a sudden, anxious puckering of her brows, "that this decision is final." The only thing Geoffrey had felt really uncomfortable about was that Max had insisted on giving back her ring, while he wanted her to keep it for friendship's sake.

After he had wished her another and happier choice and she had echoed the wish for him, the moment for their parting came. The train was at the station, and Geoffrey, who had been standing by the carriage chatting with Max, extended his hand and said "good-bye," and as his eyes met her's—so friendly and unembarrassed—he suddenly added almost mechanically, "For the last time!"

"No, don't say that!" Max said hastily. "My friends are always welcome. Run down any time if you can stand the chance of seeing half a dozen working girls enjoying their vacation, for I expect to keep the house full of them all summer." A word of thanks as he lifted his hat, then he jumped aboard the already moving train and soon settled himself for the hour's ride back to town.

Geoffrey had been in his office less than an hour when the door burst open and Dick Williams, who lived in the little town from which Geoffrey had just come, came hurrying in. He was evidently very much excited. "Say, old man, you haven't heard anything yet, have you?" Williams questioned breathlessly. "Anything—about what?" Geoffrey asked calmly. "Oh you poor fellow, I see you haven't! How shall I tell you? Maitland, old man, you must brace up and prepare yourself for the worst." "Hang it all, what are you driving at?" asked Geoffrey. "I have just come in from Elm-court," Williams said significantly. "Have you?" said Geoffrey pleasantly. "So have I; only I took the 8:10 train." "You did? I hadn't heard of that, though I remember now they did say she had driven some one over to the station and was on her way home. It must have happened almost directly afterwards —" "She," cried Geoffrey in a strange, choked voice, grasping at the frail straw of some possible mistake.

"Your own Miss Wright," said Williams, pityingly; "I knew you'd be dreadfully cut up, you were so fond of one another and had been engaged so long."

The little ring in Geoffrey's breast pocket seemed suddenly to pierce through him like a knife. Oh, that it had never left her hand!

"What happened?" he said again hoarsely. "She was driving home they told me, and on the road she was overtaken by one of those infernal locomobiles. Her horse took fright and bolted; she was thrown out—neck broken—picked up—dead!"

"If you want to go out there on the noon train I'll arrange to go with you," Williams said kindly.

"I'm going on the 10:25 —."

"But my dear fellow, you can't possibly; you've only seven minutes—" He ended abruptly when he found himself talking to the empty room, for Geoffrey had seized his hat and was gone.

Out into the crowded street rushed Geoffrey, and never in old college

days when he was in training did he run as he ran now. Broadway was at its worst—a confusion of rapidly moving cars, carts and carriages—but Geoffrey stopped for none of them. He dashed under the heads of horses and ran between cable cars, escaping so narrowly that the gripman yelled at him, in a sudden chill, but he plunged on and gained the opposite side unscathed. On, and on, he ran until the ferry house was reached, but just the fraction of a minute too late.

The gates were already closed and the boat was just starting from the slips. Geoffrey dashed past the man who was closing the wagon entrance and rushed out to the end of the dock.

Two working girls in the waiting room, who were on their way to Miss Wright's, had just lost the boat, took him for a would-be suicide and shrieked aloud. Geoffrey gathered himself for a spring and shot far out in a wild endeavor to catch the boat. But he was breathless now and the space was widening every instant. He felt himself falling short, but with a desperate effort he clutched at the boat's deck and clung there until two men dragged him up, swearing at him all the while.

He sat with his hat pulled down over his eyes to hide the slow tears which now and then coursed down his cheeks. Finally he sought the smoking room, where he pretended to fall asleep.

He was sorry now that he had jumped so well! If only he had fallen short of the boat altogether and had been drowned before they could get him out of the water—that would have been the most fitting ending! But since he was still alive, if he could only get the ring back upon Max's poor dead hand before any one would notice that they had said, "For the last time!"

Finally he arrived at Elmcourt and Geoffrey, more than ever dreading recognition, cast a swift glance about him for some vehicle to carry him to the house. And there, right before his eyes, and just as he had left her not four hours ago, he saw Max in her carriage. He thought it some mad delusion of his brain; he passed his hand across his eyes and looked again, but the vision was still there. She was bending forward looking eagerly for those working girls who had failed to come, and he saw the look of disappointment on her face. Suddenly she saw him and her expression changed from one of bewilderment to one of anxiety.

He staggered forward to the carriage and grasped her arm, gasping: "Max! is it really you, and are you alive —?" "Geoffrey, what absurd questions! You certainly are crazy, or maybe you are ill! Come, get right in; everyone is staring at us!" He scrambled into the carriage, still holding her fast, and Max asked anxiously, "What brings you back this way? You certainly must be ill!"

"Williams came to my office this morning and told me you were ill."

answered the bewildered Geoffrey, "some horrid accident—or—or—something. So I came back."

"Oh," exclaimed Max, "I begin to understand! Well you heard the right story about the wrong person! It happened to Miss White; evidently Williams mistook the name 'White' for 'Wright.' She was a poor driver and her horse threw her out; when found she was dead. But please don't hold my arm so tight, Geoffrey; it hurts; and besides, I can't drive well." He loosened his grip and forced a laugh; but the miserable effort failed and he talked in a bewildered manner, as one who is only partly awake might talk. But after a few minutes he recovered himself and begged her pardon, adding with a really cheerful grin: "By Jove, did you ever see such a fool as I've made of myself this morning? But I just couldn't help it! Fancy finding you alive and well, when I'd been thinking of you as dead. Ugh!"

"And you cared for me like that!" cried Max, and Geoffrey answered, shamefacedly: "I didn't know it till I thought you were gone, and then—well, I simply could not stand it, that's all, Max. It's no use, Max, you must be considerate! Can't you make up your mind to put up with me? I know you don't feel toward me as you used to, but couldn't you be an angel and take me back again?"

"But, Geoffrey," protested Max, "last night when we ended our engagement, we agreed that it was for the last time." But there was a gleam of a smile in her eyes.

"But that was before you had died," said Geoffrey, penitently. "I know you can't care much for a fellow like me, but you said you'd never marry and I can't live without you!"

"You poor, dear boy," said Max tenderly, as she held out her hand for him to slip on the sparkling ring. "What will you say then when I tell you that I love you more than ever, and that the most difficult word I ever spoke was this morning when I bade you 'good-bye.'"

He stared at her incredulously and stammered, "But then—I don't understand—why did you —?"

"Because," she answered, blushing, "because—well—I thought—you would be happier free—free to choose again."

"And I have chosen again!" cried Geoffrey, happily, as he clasped her in his arms, "I have chosen again and—it is 'for the last time.' Max, my choice is you!"

VERA DILGARD, '15.



Mr. Roop—(Alg. I; after several times addressing Harold Fretz as Elmer.) “Oh I see, it’s Elmer’s little brother.”

Miss Morrow—(to Sophomores in back part of room, imitating passing train.) “Maybe I had better excuse you children to go out and play engine, if you wish to.”

Sophomore—(gleefully) “Toot-too-too!”

Mr. Roop (overtaking Vera Dilgard on her way to school.) “Come on, Vera, let’s run a race!”

Vera (scornfully) “Huh! I could lie down and roll and get there quicker!”

Miss Morrow—(Eng. IV.) “The person in “Il Penseroso” liked solemn music, like sacred music; now what kind do you think the person in “L Allegro” would enjoy?”

Pauline—“Ragtime!”

Carroll (Eng. III;) reading his version of the story “The Coming of the Prince,” read, “Then as weak Job was hurrying along he stumbled over something in his path, and looking down, he saw a little sobbing ‘nigger’.” But Miss Morrow protested vigorously against the use of the word “nigger,” saying such was tabooed by the pure food and drugs’ Act of the English language.’ So Virgil, thinking he had a great improvement on Carroll’s language read enthusiastically, “As weak Job was hastening along so as not to miss seeing the arrival of the Prince, he stumbled over a small dark object in the way. Stooping to examine he found that it was a poor little “coon”.”

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Pauline—(Eng. IV; reading her paraphrase of Milton's "Il Penseroso.") "This fellow did not enjoy cheerful music and banquets where they had 'swell eats'."

Miss Morrow—(Hist. III) "What did Napoleon lose in the Peninsular wars?"

Louise—"Didn't he lose his wife in one of these wars?"

Charles Till—(taking a ring from his pocket.) "Thelma, my love for you is like this ring—it has no end."

Thelma—"My love for you is also like the ring—it has no beginning."

Gould—(Civics IV.) "They can send a man's body by Parcel Post; they did out West."

Mr. Moudy—"Oh, no, I think you are mistaken; fifty pounds is the limit."

Gould—"Yes, but the fellow I read about was cremated."

Mr. Roop—(Geom. II; to Joe Bowman) "A poet has said that 'a voice ever soft, gentle and low is an excellent thing in woman' but I don't know how it would be in a man."

Martha Wines—"Oh, I just wish I had this Gemoetry! It's awful!"

Sympathetic Senior—"What is it about?"

Martha (grief stricken.) "Oh it's all about a rhomboid and a—a rhombus, and a "blundrebuss" and—a!"

Miss Morrow—(Eng. III.) "Elmer, what was the New England Lyceum?"

Elmer—"Some sort of a show, wasn't it?"

Emerson—(Civics IV.) "The panic of 1857 was caused by swindles of the Government."

Mr. Moudy—(Civics IV.) "I've had so much to do the past two or three weeks I haven't had time to do any thing."

Vera Dilgard (reading; Eng. III.) "I declined on my bed."

Russell—(Art IV; painting picture of cows) "Miss Leas, do you know where I can get a pail?"

Miss Leas—(anxiously starting to hunt one.) "Well, Russell, I don't know whether I can find one or not, but I'll see; (then, turning back.) But what do you want with a pail, Russell?"

Russell—"I want to milk this cow."

Hazel—"Cliff, what in the world is 'Static' Electricity?"

Clifford—"Static Electricity is rubbing a glass rag on a silk rod. See?"

Miss Morrow—(Eng. I.) "Daisy, distinguish between a formal and an informal note."

Daisy—"One's dignified and one aint, aint it?"

Efficiency

Never think of yourself as the victim of circumstances. To do so is to make yourself the victim of every adversity that you may encounter. Know that you have the power to change and control circumstances. Exercise that power and soon things will begin to change for the better.

—Efficiency

When things go hard with you, when everything seems to go against you, when the sky is dark and you can see no light, that is just the time to exhibit your mettle, to show of what stuff you are made. If there is anything in you, adversity will bring it out. What a man does in spite of circumstances, rather than because of them is the measure of his success ability.

—Marden

The universe pays every man in his own coin. If you smile it smiles upon you in return; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing you will be invited into gay company; if you think you will be entertained by the thinkers; if you love the world and earnestly seek for the good therein, you will be surrounded by loving friends and nature will pour into your lap the treasures of the earth.

—Zimmerman

If your name is to live at all, it is so much better to have it in people's hearts than only in their brains. I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns or a hymn of Chas Wesley goes right to the heart, and you can't help loving both of them—the sinner as well as the saint.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Geo. W. Kuhlman, Auburn, Ind.
Clothier

Russell—(Art IV.) "Miss Leas, I can't paint these cows right!"
Miss Leas—"Oh, Russell, I told you to leave out details." (the tails?)

Miss Morrow—(Eng. IV.) "With what is Bunyan classed?"
Gould—"With the corn."

Oline—(Eng. I.) "It was a fine autumnal day in early summer."

Clifford—(Civics IV; in answer to a question) "I don't know."

Mr. Moudy—"The question just calls for your opinion; it is not 'Do you know?' but 'do you think?'"

Clifford—"Once in a while."

Miss Morrow—(to Virgil balancing his chair on two legs.) "Virgil, I do wish you would sit with all four feet on the floor."

A Senior—(After a prolonged lecture on Physics by our instructor in that branch.) "I'd give Mr. Roop a piece of my mind if I wasn't afraid I wouldn't have any left."

Joe—(Geom. III.) "The Angle A B C and side A B are equal 'respectably' to—"

Miss Morrow—(Hist, III) "Tell what the people did during the Forty years of peace, Marie."

Marie—"Didn't they have war?"

Miss Morrow—(Milton's L'Allegro; Eng. IV.) "And what do you suppose Phyllis did after dinner?"

Hazel—"Washed dishes."

Mr. Roop—(Geom. II; section I.) "You will have a demonstration on that awhile ago."

Russell—(Eng. IV.) "Did Ruskin just criticise art or did he do painting himself?"

Miss Morrow—"Oh, yes, Russell, he painted himself!"

Mr. Roop—(Opening Exercises) "Who is the National hero of Italy?"
Charles Colby—"Bonfiglio!" local Italian fruit dealer.)

Miss Morrow—(Hist, III.) "Who was king before Ferdinand?"

Mabel Kiser—"Isabella."

Miss Morrow—(Eng. IV.) "Gould, you can't expect to learn English Literature by just listening to the recitations and not studying, any more than you can absorb nutriment from soup by taking a bath in it."

Virgil—"What can a fellow do with shoes that hurt his feet?"

Martha—"Why, take 'em off!"

Clifford—(Demonstrations, Physics IV.) "Hand me that magnet; I want to 'hypnotize' (magnetize) this steel."

Mr. Moudy—(Hist, III.) "And where's Cavour all this time?"

Vera—"In his grave."

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Hazel—(to Dora) "Say, what time does that nine o'clock car go?"

Carl Getts—(Reading in Eng. III.) "And the mob fired on the mosquitoes—" ("musketeers").

Miss Morrow—(Eng. IV.) "The class may take this sentence."

Pauline—(to Janet) "Where shall we take it?"

Mr. Roop—(sagely) "None of you at your age realize that life is a struggle, that all must take the plunge! He who chooses may let himself sink in the stream, but he who would get anywhere, he who would succeed, must swim!"

Senior, No. 1—(enthusiastically, but in low tone) "Get on your bathing suits!"

Senior, No. 2. (also in low tone) "Come on in; 'the water's fine!"

Miss Dilla—What has taken the place of doguerreotypes, Virgil?"

Virgil—"Telephones!"

Miss Masters—(Latin II.) "You're not translating line 5, are you Florence?"

Florence—"I'm trying to."

Mr. Moudy had spent at least ten minutes drawing a map on the board for the Ancient History class. Completing the drawing he turned to the class and asked, "Of what is this a drawing?" No one answered and 'silence reigned' for some seconds. Then a bright idea seemed to strike Charles Colby and he answered enthusiastically, "A couple of Christmas stockings."

Glen—(Hist IV.) Giving Qualification of Representative; U. S. constitution) "No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained to the age of seven years—."

Edythe—"Is a baseball diamond round or square?"

Miss Morrow—(Hist III.) "Virgil, you should not whisper during a History test."

Virgil—"I know, but Joe and I were just having a heated discussion."

Russel—"The price is fifteen cents a square inch, you know."

Hazel—"Yes, er—I—how much is a square inch?"

Mr. Moudy—(Civics IV.) Suppose I should stand just inside the boundary of Michigan and kill a man over in Ohio, but shouldn't kill him dead—."

Lynn—(Hist III.) "It seems the harder the people worked the more they were taxed."

Joe—"No wonder Richelieu was so lozy!"

Mr. Roop—(Opening Exercises) What city in the United States is known as 'Hub o'the Universe'?"

Elmer—"Sedan."

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Miss Morrow—"Elmer, what is a caterpillar?"

Elmer—"An upholstered worm."

Mr. Moudy—(Civics IV.) "Who is our U. S. Marshal?"

Clifford—"Isn't it Marshall?"

Mr. Moudy—"Which marshal do you mean, Tom or Herb Ettinger?"

Miss Morrow—(Eng. IV.) "St. Peter has two keys with which to open the Golden Gate; one is of iron and one of gold."

Glen—"When I go I'll take an asbestos key."

Miss Morrow—(Hist III.) "Why was William of Orange surnamed the 'Silent'?"

Virgil—"Because in a hot discussion with the French king, he didn't say anything."

Louise (speaking of Geom. proposition) "Say, Ethel, can you see through this iron rod?"

Ethel—"I haven't been able to yet."

Miss Morrow—"Have all you Seniors pencil and paper?"

Hazel—"This chicken haint."

Mr. Moudy—(Civics IV.) "Emerson if you were nominated for the Presidency, what would you do first to get elected?"

Emerson—"Well, I'd open headquarters somewhere, then I I'd pick out the people I wanted to 'root' for me—."

Miss Morrow—"Eng. III; speaking of the study of languages in school.) "Virgil, of what two languages do you know something?"

Virgil—"Profane and otherwise."

Mr. Roop—(Physics IV.) "Clifford, why must we use a revolving mirror to detect the rise and fall of the manometric flames?"

Clifford—"Cause we can't look fast enough."

Miss Dilla—(Eng. III.) "Why did Hepzibah look so cross all the time?"

Joe—"Nature of the brute."

Miss Morrow—"Eng. IV.) "Take this sentence, 'The shot frequently rattled over their heads.'"

Russell—"How could the shot rattle?"

William—"Why in tin cans."

Miss Morrow—(Hist III.) "What trouble did Napoleon have with Austria?"

Marie—"War."

Russell—(Book keeping IV; noticing ink stain on clean table) "Bill, did you spill this ink?"

Bill—"No, I didn't; the bottle has a puncture in it. It rusted through."

Miss Masters—(Latin III; translating.) "Cash departed from them long ago." We've all been there!

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CENTURY BUILDING

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Mr. Roop—(Physics IV.) "Clifford, what causes the atmosphere to change?"

Clifford—"Why the wind comes up and blows it around—."

Mr. Roop—(Opening exercises.) "A letter will go to France for two cents by slow boat and for five cents by fast boat."

Mr. Moudy—"How fast would it go for ten cents?"

Mr. Roop—"Oh, I suppose they'd send it by wireless."

Miss Morrow—(Eng.IV.) "There were but two people who could escape Carlyle's wrath; these were his wife and his dog."

Verna—(History III; reading.) "Many of them went futher and dissected human bodies to learn astronony"—(Anatomy.)

Miss Leas—(Discussing whether or not to march in for H. S. musical.) "Oh, I guess we'll just walk in."

The Photographs

Of 1914 class, also the groups in this Annual
came from the studio of

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Wedding Gifts. Call and see them.



W. H. S. Philosophy

The students who get the highest grades in a series of History tests are not always the ones who know the most about History.

The fellow who receives an entertaining note, may consider himself lucky if he escapes without handing it to Miss Morrow for inspection.

The kid that laughs the loudest is not always the real culprit.

Unless you're a good judge of human nature, don't try to bluff the teachers:—They're on!

Department grades do not always rise with the temperature.

If the Faculty would practice what they preach about the benefits of "fresh air," there would be fewer "hot house posies."

The truth of the statement, "Misery loves company" is borne in upon W. H. S. students very impressively when Miss Masters has the headache.

TURN ME UP

Hungry?
—and Mother is away and no
warm lunch ready when you
get home? Don't despair;
let us get a mother's lunch
for you. What, we can't?
Give us a try-out and see.
Yes, you can get Ice Cream,
Soft Drinks and Candy here
too.
Try Our
Chicken Dinners
Yours for a trial at any time.
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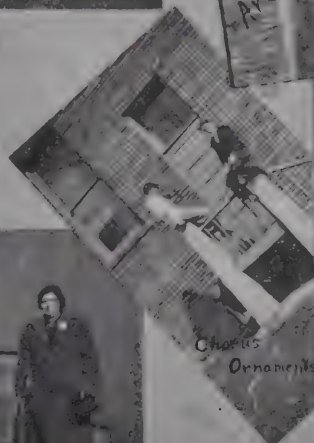
Mutt and Jeff.



Art.



Some Lede Leaders.



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Junior Boys.



Senior
Team



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Sergeant.



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are as near perfection as it is possible to get. All of them are cut over the latest English Models, are all wool, and fully guaranteed. We have full range of sizes at \$12.50, \$15.00, \$16.50, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 & \$25.00 and qualities are best for the money we have seen in years. We have complete showing of the newest things in Hats, Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Etc., to make your outfit what it should be.

Our line of Commencement and Graduation Dresses would do credit to a large City Store. White Dresses in Voiles, Crepes and Lace and Prices are \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00 & \$20.00. Party Dresses in the new Silks, prices ranging from \$10.00 to \$22.50. All of them exclusive styles. We extend to you a Special invitation to pay us a visit, in fact make this your Trading Place.

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What They're Famous For

Freshmen

Ability to make noise and their pride in the noise thus produced; pretty girls, industrious boys, happy dispositions and a careless disregard of rules. But they will live and learn as they advance toward the Senior year.

Sophomores

Caesar sharks; littlest boy; largest class; handsomest pennant; their secret of gaining the teachers' favor; congregating in the Library; essayists, and red-headed boys.

Juniors

Old maids, elocutionists, pianists, Latin sharks, English stars, debaters, few boys many girls, and good luck. Here's hoping.

Seniors

A Bride! the biggest boy; seven boys, seven girls, seven Zedas, seven Cicies, the class of '14, class of fourteen members; the ease with which they bluff the teachers; love of liberty; somnambulist; one little essayist; 1914's Rosebud.

Faculty

Legislative and executive ability; the strange way their hands have of making a small circle (known as a zero,) every time they touch a grade book; few (?) rules; severity and an occasional joke.



We cannot describe what is in the above space as it is not there. It was to be the smile Miss Masters 'smole' whenever she saw a new case developing.

Passing the Bore

Morning, a voice afar
And one shrill call for me,
For there must be no missing of the car,
As late I dare not be.
Oh! that another hour I might rest
Within my downy bed,
But no, at half past eight a latin test
Fills me with dread.
Evening, the test is o'er,
I'm ready now for fun,
And at the show I'll think of it no more,
For it is done.
For tho' within the realms of Latin
He says I'm no shark,
I hope by June to make that Prof. admit
That I've a passing mark.

Age in Its Meditation Enquires
of Memory?
What Has Life Been?

Manhood In Its Activity
Demands of Reason

What Is Life?

Youth In Its Anticipation
Challenges Hope

What Shall Life Be?

THE ANSWERS

to the first two questions must be determined largely by the reply which youth gives in terms of thought and action to its own question.

Waterloo High School

is helping scores of young people to answer properly the great question of Youth by aiding them in securing adequate preparation for life's work. We offer all the essentials of a first class school, that are offered by the city schools—a capable faculty and adequate equipment—and some additional features which many larger schools do not afford—intimate congenial relationship between teachers and students, and a wholesome moral atmosphere.

No young man or young woman can afford to enter the keen competition which must be met on every hand, without a good education. The Waterloo High School has helped others, it will gladly help you.

C O M E

Senior. Mottoes

Maude—It's a waste of time and energy to make New Year's resolutions.

Emerson—Work for the night is coming.

Olga—"Keep a going", there is always room at the top.

Gould—"Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone."

Hazel—Never be a shirker.

William—Never be an office seeker.

Vida—Do to others as I would that they should do to me.

Lester—Make hay while the sun shines.

Pauline—Giggle while the gigglings good,—“Ishkabibil!”

Glen—Be everybody's friend.

Dora—Have all the fun you can at other peoples expense.

Russell—"The rank is but the guinea's stamp; The man's the gowd for a' that."

Janet—Work with a will, when you work.

Clifford—Never do today what you can't put off till tomorrow.

Lest we Forget

When grinding for a math exam,
We waste whole hours in weary toil,
Each paragraph and rule we cram,
As we consume the midnight oil,
In awful misery we sweat,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.
And when at last we creep in bed,
To get a few hour's fevered sleep,
To our confused and aching heads,
The subject is a mystery deep.
For five o'clock the alarm we set,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.
Can we our labor not reduce,
And yet be able to recite?
Apply our science to some use,
And get a little sleep at night?
We'll use a spike each chance we get,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

A Sample of Sophomore Spelling

"Two triangles are 'congruerent' if there are three sides of the one 'eque'l' 'respectfully' to the three sides of the other.

When the too sides of an 'isosles' tryangel' are 'eque'l' the 'angels' 'opesite' the 'eque'l' 'cides' are 'eque'l'. When 'equels' is 'aded' too 'equels' the 'anser' is 'ekuals'.

A D 'biceps' (bisects) B C. 'Theirfor' the 'tryangles' are 'congruint' and C D may be 'masyured' two 'fined' the 'wider' of the 'rivur'.

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Fashion's Fads and Fancies Favored by the W. H. S.

"The monitor of masculine fashion" has placed before our boys a unique style of hair dressing; the hair is pompadoured, as usually, and is bound back with broad ribbons which end on top of the head in a chic bow. This style was very much in vogue in the W. H. S., St. Patrick's Day; of course the color this time was the conventional green, but except on such occasions, a color becoming to the wearer is preferred.

"Dame Fashion has decreed" that Freshmen shall wear green; a very bright green is most appropriate.

"Capricious Miss Style" has turned her back on her notions of "no ornaments at all," and has commanded that ladies deck themselves in beads. The beads most favored are "salt beads" in gorgeous shades, ranging in color from a sickly lavender to a rollicking "Tango." These beads may be in any size, but those most favored vary in size from the size of a medium thimble to that of a well grown turnip.

Dame Fashion has set her seal of approval upon a new kind of tie. The boys have always been allowed a fine choice in stylish ties, but never has the good Dame been so generous as now. Ribbon in very gay colors, is tied in a perky bow; (resembling the bow worn by the cat in a Black Cat Stocking Ad.) This bow may be sometimes worn in the back. The new fad has gained much popularity in the W. H. S.

The much despised vest has again come into favor. Those most favored in the Waterloo High School are of dark hues, enlivened by bright splashes and dots of embroidery in gay colors. It is hoped that this fad will be short-lived, but as yet there is no evidence of its losing favor.

The Price of Society

We feared the boy was flunking,
His record looked so black,
Of "below failures" he'd an army,
Alas! alack!

Now, what could cause his failure,
And why failed he to pass?
What occupied his evenings?
Alack! a lass!

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TIMBROOK & HAIFLEY, Props.

Freshman Rhymes and Jingles

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust,
If Latin don't kill us
Geometry must.

The Freshie stood on the burning deck
For this is as I learn,
He stood there safely thru the night
For he was too green to burn.

Seniors were born for great things,
Juniors were born for small;
But it's never been recorded
Why Freshmen were born at all.

Freshman boy—"Cold, dear?"
Freshman girl—"About to freeze."
Freshman boy—"Want my coat?"
Freshman girl—"No, just the sleeves."

The tragedies, such tragedies
That Freshmen have to stand
Like flunking Latin exams and tests
With others right at hand.

Fools Club

Dorothy Brown, Founder
Virgil Johnson, President
Elmer Fretz, Vice President
Glen Myers, Secretary
Arthur Smith, Treasurer
Gould Stanley, Sergeant-at-Arms
Lynn Crooks, Reporter

Charter Members

Estel Wiltrout, Charles Colby, Clifford Hawk.

An Unwritten Law

If we live we must give.
If we get we must take.
If we take we must make.
If we thrive we must strive.

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Seven Seniors' Favorite days and Their Whys and Wherefores

Glen—Sunday—"Kendalville looks good to me."

Emerson—Monday—"Back to school for mine."

Pauline—Tuesday—"Art's over for another week."

Janet—Wednesday—"Mr. Brown's comn' to my house!"

Olga—Thursday—"Hopes are high."

Clifford—Friday—"No more school 'till Monday! Hooray!"

Dora—Saturday—"Corunna's lively tonight!"

Seniors Precepts to the Juniors

See thou the jokes made by the Faculty
Give them countenance and audible expression
The less their merit, the greater thy desert.
Seem thou attentive, even tho' thou comprehend'st
Not an iota of their learned discourse.
Do not dull thy brain with too much study of each new fangled science
or art.

Beware of being caught conversing in the class or assembly room;
But being caught, do thou face the music smiling bravely,
Vowing vengeance on him who hath been watching thee.
Take no teacher's censure; but be severe
In passing thy judgment on school-mates and Faculty.
Be not a flunker but a bluffer be,
For flunking dulleth the edge of the teacher's patience;
Bluffing exalteth in his estimation,
And high marks will be rewarded thee.
This above all; do thou tread in the footsteps
Of thine illustrious predecessors of 1914.
And it must follow as the night, the day;
That thy fame will resound among the spheres,
And will be re-echoed to the earth again.

NOTE— The above is a parody on Polonius' precepto to his son, Laertes Shakespear's Hamlet; Act I, scene III.

"Oh, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the
world," they used to say;
But the hand that casts the ballot is the one in
power today,
"Votes for women" is our slogan and we'll cheer
it loud and strong!
Equal suffrage marches on.
Glory! Glory Hallelujah! etc.

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DeKalb County's Leading Newspaper

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The Press Follow You

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PUBLISHER

Waterloo, - Indiana

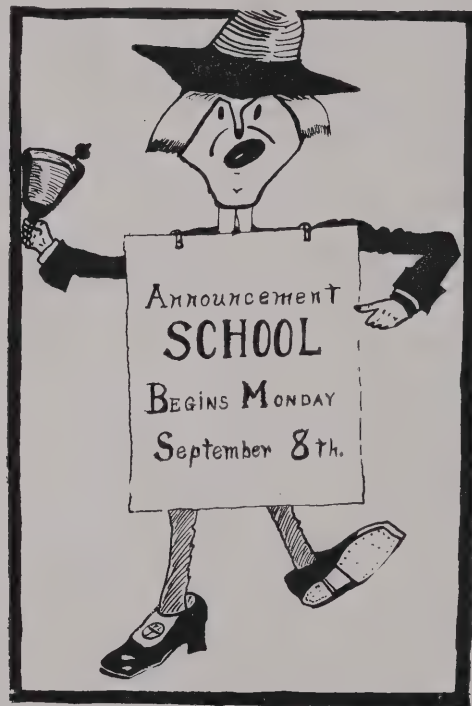
Your Printing

Will Be Done Right If You Place Your
Orders With Us.

HERBERT C. WILLIS

WATERLOO, INDIANA

A noble lad once thought it great
 The icy slope to navigate,
 Alas! too much he thought to try,
 And now he wears a big black eye;
 The saddest part is yet to come
 On Sunday night he stays t'home,
 And treats that one lamp which is bum,
 With witch hazel, with fingers numb,
 While other fellows go and call
 Upon his sweetheart, fair and tall
 Who doth reside near the Town Hall;
 Finis, the end, or that is all.



- Sept. 8—First day; rained all day, but we know a "bad beginning makes a good ending."
- Sept. 9—Nice day and more students appear. Sixteen Seniors!
- Sept. 10—Program arranged and working smoothly.
- Sept. 11—Miss Masters treats the school to the first smile of the season.
- Sept. 12—First of Seven Wonders of the W. H. S. discovered—Dorothy Brown's giggle.
- Sept. 15—Tennis enthusiasts busy.
- Sept. 16—Miss Morrow gives the Juniors a "sample" Literature test—ten questions.

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It would be a good exchange.

While we are not doing that you will get full value for every dollar spent with us.

Your appreciation stimulates larger selections.

You will do well to visit our store frequently when in need of merchandise.

Our selections in summer dress goods are beautiful in such as crepes, ratine, poplin and many other materials—embroidered crepes and lace flouncings. You should see our embroideries and laces—

Our ready made dresses will surprise you in their beauty and reasonable prices—

Our spring coats have no rival—

Men's and boys' clothing of the best make.

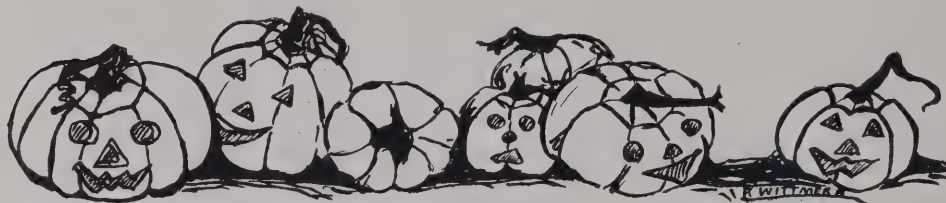
Shoes direct from the best factories. They that look for better shoes are still looking.

Carpets and Linoleums in The Roll.

Our Door is ajar for you.

F. W. McEntarfer

- Sept. 17—Senior boys work on Tennis court. (?) Teachers' meeting.
 Sept. 18—First chapter of rules placed before long suffering students.
 Sept. 19—Lecture by the Supt. Subject: Regularity of Attendance and the Good Results Thereof. (?) Mr. Roop "adds a few (?) words."
 Sept. 22—Nothin' doin' on the Seniors' Tennis court. Wonder why?
 Sept. 23—Juniors enjoy primary story entitled, "Wee Willy Winkee."
 Sept. 24—Miss Morrow gets her "picture took."
 Sept. 25—Senior girls decide to clean up Tennis court.
 Sept. 26—Second of W. H. S's Seven Wonders discovered—expression "Ish-karoory."
 Sept. 29—Senior boys take stumps out of Tennis court. Finest court on the grounds now!
 Sept. 30—Senior Class decides to put out an Annual, to be called the "Rosebud."



CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

- Thurs. 2—Mr. Moudy discourses on the wickedness of false reports.
 Friday 3—Fair day.
 Mon. 6—"Ready for a good week's work."
 Tues. 7—Monday's resolution spoiled. Too hot for work.
 Wed. 8—Some little change in the green condition of the Freshmen.
 Thurs. 9—No school in P. M. on account of Angola's Fair. ? % of W. H. S. attended it?
 Fri. 10—Fine Ciceronian program. Success.
 Mon. 13—"Too hot for work," the Seniors think.
 Tues. 14—Physics Test in prospect. Pastel.
 Wed. 15—Lecture in English; subject, "Seniors are too happy"
 Thurs. 16—Senior girls win in Tennis match with Junior girls.
 Fri. 17—Sophomores take a little nap.
 Mon. 20—Freshmen have extra session after school. Miss Masters leads in discussion of Latin.
 Tues. 21—Everybody happy? Mr. Moudy is!
 Wed. 22—Tennis still in season.
 Thurs. 23—Physics test tomorrow. Work hard,
 Fri. 24—No Physics test. Oh, joy!

Buy a Wonder



AND BE
SATISFIED

We Carry a Line of
Bicycle and Auto
Sundries

*J. C. Day's
Hardware*

N O W

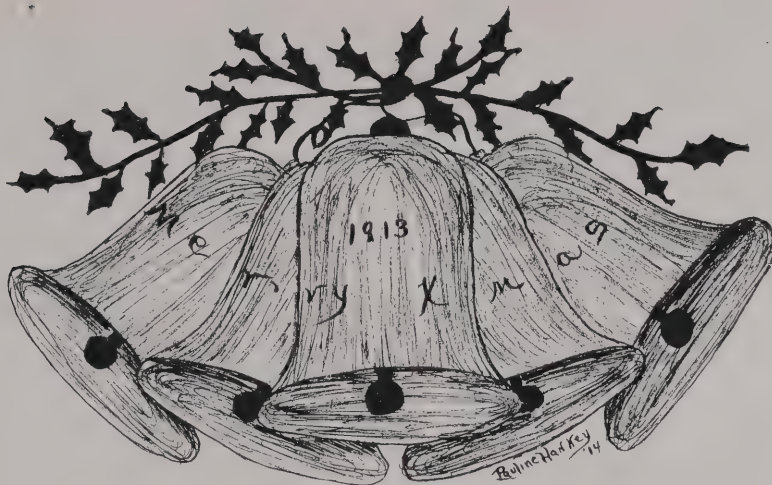
Is the time to sell your poultry
while the markets are high and
but little poultry moving.

Beyer Bros. & Co.
Waterloo, Indiana

- Mon. 27—One Freshman sent in from English. May they take that as a warning?
- Tues. 28—Seniors discuss Woman Suffrage. Miss Morrow thinks they're asleep always.
- Wed. 29—Vera Newcomer bumps her head.
- Thurs. 30—First snow! No more Tennis.
- Fri. 31—Zedalethean reception to Ciceronians. Ghosts, goblins and ! XX
—! ?

NOVEMBER

- Mon. 3—Lecture; subject, "Paper towels cost money," by Prof. Moudy.
- Tues. 4—Seniors suffer English quiz.
- Wed. 5—Sophs. take first History test.
- Tues. 6—Mr. Moudy ordered to Indianapolis with Co. K. Mr. Roop is "Big Chief."
- Fri. 7—Mrs. Ettinger takes charge of Mr. Moudy's classes. Juniors miss "Virg."
- Mon. 10—Slim school. Result of season's first blizzard.
- Tues. 11—Soldiers still at Indianapolis.
- Wed. 12—Mr. Roop: "Freshman girls please look this way; there's a time for work and a time for play." Original.
- Thur. 13—Chorus practice for Teachers' Association.
- Fri. 14—Get grade cards first time. Sorrow, disappointment and near-tragedies!
- Mon. 17—Mr. Moudy and "Virg" return.
- Tues. 18—Mr. Moudy tells us about Indianapolis trouble.
- Wed. 19—Clifford's glad he has only one birthday a year.
- Thur. 20—Seniors write Suffrage essays. Some enthusiastic but more otherwise.
- Fri. 21—Ciceronians give their second program. Some improvements.
- Mon. 24—Chorus practice.
- Tues. 25—Ditto.
- Wed. 26—Ciceronian-Zedalethean spelling match; Ciceronians win; Zedaletheans treat.
- Thurs. 27—Thanksgiving.
- Fri. 28—Association for Teachers; vacation for us,

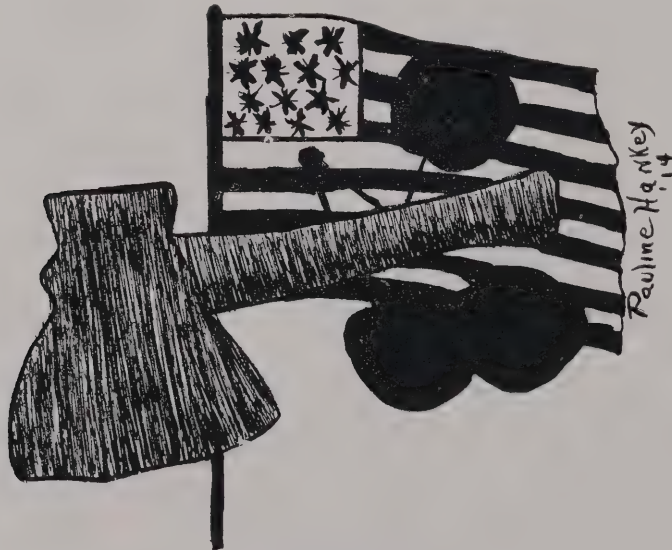


DECEMBER

- Mon. 1—All in good spirits after vacation.
- Tues. 2—Zedalethean Society meeting.
- Wed. 3—W. H. S. enjoys a lecture by a gentleman from Chicago. No Physics recitation.
- Thur. 4—"Nothing doing."
- Fri. 5—End of another week.
- Mon. 8—Mr. Roop absent on account of sickness; no one wishes him bad luck, but then—
- Tues. 9—Mr. Roop well again.
- Wed. 10—Mr. Moudy taxes Gould 5c ever time he whispers to Dora and "vice-versa."
- Thurs. 11—Dora gets a seat in an uninhabited territory.
- Fri. 12—Zedalethean program; splendid success. Last program before vacation.
- Mon. 15—Seniors get a lecture in History class; subject, "Lack of Enthusiasm in History Work."
- Tues. 16—Seniors get a lecture in English because majority of them don't favor Woman Suffrage.
- Wed. 17—Seniors listen to long lecture in Physics class; subject, "Absences and What they Mean."
- Thurs. 18—Music by entire High School.
- Fri. 19—Spelling contest between the two societies; contest not completed, so no decision was made.
- Mon. 22—Just two more days till vacation.
- Tues. 23—"Only two more days to do that Christmas shopping."
- Wed. 24—Mr. Moudy only teacher here. Spelling contest; Charles Colby wins the dollar.
- Thur. 25—Christmas and vacation!!!

JANUARY

- Mon. 5—Everyone back after vacation. Exams. a few days ahead.
Tues. 6—Seniors "worry thru" a few tests.
Wed. 7—A few cases of "insomnia" have developed. Cause: Approaching exams.
Thurs. 8—Mr. Roop "Lays down the Law" to the W. H. S. Lot of new ones.
Fri. 9—More sufferers from that dread disease, "Insomnia."
Mon. 12—Mr. Moudy talks of his trip to Battle Creek.
Tues. 13—Review of reviews. Insomnia becomes an epidemic.
Wed. 14—Exams! Some glad, some otherwise.
Thurs. 15—Ditto! Ditto!
Fri. 16—Teachers grade papers; we have vacation.
Mon. 19—Immense relief! Exams. are over!
Tues. 20—Seniors capture one Woman Suffrage essay prize.
Wed. 21—Seniors begin Book-keeping.
Thur. 22—"Life goes along like a song."
Fri. 23—C. L. S. program; last for this corps of officers.
Mon. 26—Prof. Rakestraw visits the W. H. S.
Tues. 27—Gentleman from Chicago University talks to the High School.
Wed. 28—Mr. Roop's looking glass is broken; seven years of bad luck for the guilty one!
Thur. 29—Choruses selected for musical.
Fri. 30—Only four more months of school.



FEBRUARY

- Mon. 2—Groundhog sees his shadow; Winter has six more weeks' work to do.

Tues. 3—Visitors from Tri-State College.
 Wed. 4—Miss Masters has a peg-top skirt! ** ?—!
 Thurs. 5—Lynn Reed comes back to school. Juniors begin work in Pastel.
 Fri. 6—Juniors take up Solid Geometry.
 Mon. 9—Visitors from K. H. S. Snow about ? feet deep.
 Tues. 10—Rev. C. S. Parker talks to the W. H. S.
 Wed. 11—Charles Colby wonders why tacks were ever invented.
 Thurs. 12—Freshmen enjoy a bob ride. First of the season.
 Fri. 13—Unlucky day! Marie Barr's last day of school.
 Mon. 16—Seniors' motto: "No wedding bells for us!"
 Tues. 17—Ciceronians elect a new secretary to fill vacancy left by Marie Barr.
 Wed. 18—Mr. Moudy gone; Mr. Roop in command.
 Thurs. 19—Virgil "canned" from Latin class.
 Fri. 20—Zedalethean program. New officers inaugurated.
 Mon. 23—Cold weather in the furnace; we get the benefits.
 Tues. 24—Doctor Bancroft tells the students stories of Lincoln.
 Wed. 25—Mr. Roop orders the students "to get up and make their speeches or else keep their traps shut."
 Thurs. 26—Program put on board.
 Fri. 27—Mr. Moudy deals out "ambition powders" to those who need them.

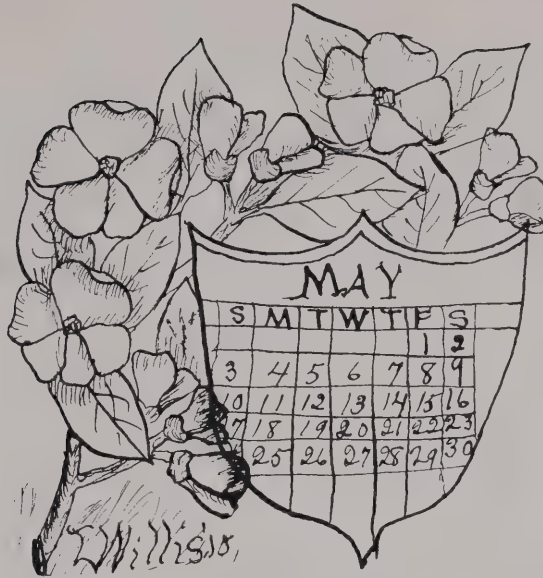
MARCH

Mon. 2—Lecture for Opening Exercises; subject, "Rules."
 Tues. 3—Mr. Roop describes the new "Tango" or "Cross-Eyed" smile. Very popular.
 Wed. 4—Junior pennant finds itself in "lower regions" and migrates to Assembly room. Seniors awe-struck.
 Thurs. 5—Miss Masters comes to school with her complexion on crooked.
 Fri. 6—Complexion slightly improved.
 Mon. 9—Virgil Treesh, '13, visits W. H. S.
 Tues. 10—Lynn Crooks' books disappear.
 Wed. 11—Ditto.
 Thurs. 12—Lynn takes his books to Latin class to prevent further trouble.
 Fri. 13—Splendid Ciceronian program.
 Mon. 16—Mr. Roop learns that DeSota discovered and named Cedar Creek.
 Tues. 17—Ciceronian reception to the Zedaletheans. Fine time!
 Wed. 18—Charles Colby appropriates the ice cream left from C. L. S. reception. Of all the nerve!
 Thurs. 19—Some of the newest "Tango" Freckles begin to appear.
 Fri. 20—Lynn Crooks changes seat for his department's sake.
 Mon. 23—Central College Glee Club entertains the High School.

Tues. 24—Mr. Moudy feels like singing a little.
 Wed. 25—Estell Wiltrout laughs "just once" (?) and gets sent to the Sup't's office.
 Thurs. 26—Miss Dilla engaged to take Miss Morrow's place.
 Fri. 27—W. H. S. bids good-bye to Miss Morrow.
 Mon. 30—High School Musical.
 Tues. 31—Charles Colby "swipes" Miss Leas' apples. Or was it Charles?—
 (nit.)

APRIL

Wed. 1—Oh! it's just April Fool!
 Thurs. 2—Vacation! Teachers gone to Indianapolis.
 Fri. 3—Ditto.
 Mon. 6—Glen decides to let his mustache grow till after Commencement.
 Bravo! boy.
 Tues. 7—High School Chorus goes to Auburn to have pictures taken for the Rosebud.
 Wed. 8—Some Seniors work on Annual.
 Thurs. 9—"Rosebud" goes to press.
 Fri. 10—Last Zedalethean program.
 Mon. 13—Visitors of every kind and quality.
 Tues. 14—Arthur takes up "free will offering" for Baseball club.
 Wed. 15—Hazel D. claims distinction of painting first oil painting, produced in W. H. S.
 Thurs. 16—Mr. Moudy travels clear down to the Basement to ask Mr. Roop "what happened up in the Assembly room."
 Fri. 17—Mr. Roop gives thirty-two minute lecture; subject, "Split Skirts and Economical Dressing."
 Sat. 18—W. H. S. Baseball team defeats Kendallville, 4-2.
 Mon. 20—Sh! Don't wake the baby! Gould's asleep.
 Tues. 21—Mr. Roop forgets to hear dismissal bell for Physics' class.
 Wed. 22—Temperance lecture by Ex-Gov. Hanly.
 Thurs. 23—Glen sleeps in Book-keeping class and is aroused by Hazel D. with a ruler.
 Fri. 24—Olga spends a few minutes under book-keeping table. Explanation: Her birthday.
 Sat. 25—W. H. S. baseball team plays K. H. S. team. Result: W. H. S. wins, 18-9.
 Mon. 27—Spring fever prevalent.
 Tues. 28—Just a few (?) Juniors play "hookey."
 Wed. 29—Pleasure's penalty placed upon Juniors.
 Thurs. 30—Chas. Colby throws shot when he thinks Mr. Roop isn't looking, but—! * ? !



MAY

- Fri. 1—Baseball team practices for tomorrow's game with Kendallville.
- Mon. 4—Vera Dilgard collided with Seniors. Result: Russell W. falls over Pauline H.
- Tues. 5—Wm. Day laughs at Glen but the joke was on Billie.
- Wed. 6—Yellow dog visits Freshman class. Mr. Roop plays the hero.
- Thurs. 7—Federation of Clubs. School enjoys the entertainment.
- Fri. 8—Pauline gone home for a week.
- Mon. 11—Mr. Roop asks Hazel D. (in Senior Book-keeping) where her last clothing (closing) is?
- Tues. 12—Great excitement among the Seniors. Glen has lost his moustache. (?)
- Wed. 13—Chas. Colby says "it's a 'bloomin' shame there's so little more school."
- Thurs. 14—H. S. exams. and Art exhibition begins.
- Fri. 15—Glen M. has a birthday and the Seniors intended him never to forget it.
- Sun. 17—Baccalaureate sermon.
- Mon. 18—Senior Camp Supper.
- Tues. 19—Junior-Senior banquet at home of Marie Brown.
- Wed. 20—Class Day and Dedication of Memorial.
- Thurs. 21—Senior Commencement.
- Fri. 22—Senior pleasure trip.



Waterloo High School

Alumni Association

PAST HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Honorary Members of Waterloo High

School Alumni Association.

Superintendents.

Wm. Brown
Frank VanAuken
A. L. Lamport
B. B. Harrison
L. B. Griffin
H. H. Keep
M. D. Smith
*W. S. Almond
W. H. Roper
H. A. Brown
A. L. Moudy

Principals.

H. E. Coe
Dr. M. W. Johnston
Mrs. Nora Alleman Briggs
*J. E. Buchanan
Mrs. Viola Powers Amidon
J. E. Pomeroy
Mrs. Martha Gonser Willis
J. P. Bonnell
M. D. Smith
O. A. Ringwalt
Mary Lepper
Mrs. Ethel Waterman Feagler
A. L. Moudy
H. F. Rumpf
Geo. E. Roop

Assistant Principals

Madge Jackman
Z. A. Willennar

G. Princess Dilla
Anna P. Snader
Edith Masters
Mrs. Mary Chapman Drew
Mary Morrow
Fearne Leas

*Deceased

Roster of Alumni Association

Class of 1879.

Emma Waterman Jackman,
R. D., Waterloo, Ind.
Jennie McClellan Garwood,
383 Sigsbee St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Charles O. McClellan, Grand Rapids.
Grace Fenneman Berger,
Marshallville, Ohio
Dr. Mel W. Johnston, Garrett, Ind.
Clark A. P. Long, deceased.
Edward E. Mitchell, deceased.

Class of 1881

Dell Clutter, 718, 62d St., Chicago.

Class of 1882.

Lillian Spencer Brysland,
198, 13th Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Mattie Maxson Smith, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1883.

Harriett Dickinson Ettinger,
Angola, Ind.
Jennie Lieb, 1559 Beaubien St.,
Detroit, Mich.

Class of 1884

Emma Fisher McFerrin,
217 S. 3d St., Louisville, Ky.

Flora Speer Lollar,
1950 Nora Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Daniel L. Leas, Waterloo, Ind.

Class of 1885.

Ada Williamson Sewell, Waterloo.
Nettie Kelley, deceased.
Solon Woolsey, Hankinson, N. D.
Prof. John O. Snyder, Stanford
University, Palo Alto, Calif.
Dr. Henry D. Chamberlain,
1116 Whitney St., Belvidere, Ill.

Class of 1886

Myrtle Cothell, Centralia, Wash.
Nannie Leas Worchester.
Gertrude Willis Hornaday,
1419 Newton St., Washington, D.C.

Class of 1887.

Abby Sinclair, deceased.
Rev. Richard E. Locke, First Pres-
byterian Church, Rutherford, N.J.

Class of 1888.

Cora A. Snyder, Gary, Ind.
Lida Ettinger Eberly, Fremont, O.
Nettie Chamberlain Hull, Waterloo.
Dr. Frank F. Fisk, Price, Utah.

Class of 1889.

Bessie Bassett Ruminell,
Reading, Mich.
Anna Bevier, Auburn, Ind.
Anna Deventer Brodfuehrer,
Mason City, Iowa
Daisy McBride Starr, Indianapolis.

Class of 1890.

Alice B. Fisher, deceased.
J. Homer Sigler, Appleton, Wis.
Charles A. Hill,
118 Maywood Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Cyrus North, Waterloo.
Dr. Bernard B. Ackman, deceased.

Class of 1891.

Eda Farrington McBride, Waterloo.
Effie Locke Siegfried,
2543 Maple Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Clara Snyder Rettger,
143 Dwight St., New Haven, Conn.
Rose Wenrick Judkins,
1023 Lakeview Av., Seattle, Wash.
Lizzie Fisher Ulph,
462 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Nellie J. Carpenter, deceased.

May Davidson.

Lucy Harper Wilkinson, Orland, Ind.
Alice B. Phillips, Waterloo.
H. O. Butler, Geneva, Ind.
Grace Roby, Ashley, Ind.
Luella Rempis, Waterloo.
Dr. George A. Kennedy. Matthal-
first St., No. 4, Berlin Germany.
Alfred P. Bartholomew, Waterloo.
Herbert C. Willis, Waterloo.
Raymond E. Willis, Angola, Ind.
Edw. Koons, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1892.

Heber Fried,
1427 7th Ave., Spokane, Wash.
Agnes Maxson, Waterloo.
Edson Beard, Waterloo.

Class of 1893.

Leora Yeagy, Waterloo.
O. B. Arthur, Waterloo.
Dr. J. E. Graham, Auburn, Ind.
J. Lester Till, Fort Wayne, Ind.
W. B. Hill, Jolley, Iowa.
Fred I. Willis,
2516 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis.

Class of 1894.

Buzz Fisher Brown,
93 Station St., Ashtabula, Ohio.
Bertha Beard Heffelfinger,
620 Lewisville Ave., Highland
Park, El Paso, Texas.
Cora M. Hill, Waterloo.
Dr. J. P. Feagler, Mishawaka, Ind.
Edw. D. Willis, Angola, Ind.

Class of 1895.

Lena A. Rempis, deceased.
Wilson H. Denison, Auburn, Ind.
Blanche Jackman Shuman,
Orlando, Fla.
Sabina Zerkle Beidler, Waterloo.
Dr. C. L. Hine, Tuscola, Ill.

Class of 1896.

Orpha Kiplinger Ladd Browns,
443 N. Huntington St., Wabash, Ind.
Maude Lower Becker, Waterloo.
Jennie Swartz Fletcher, deceased.
Amy Walsworth Champion,
871 McKinley Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Minnie Herzog Huntzinger,

121 N. West St., Mishawaka, Ind.
Archie Franks, Burkett, Ind.

Class of 1897.

Daisy Reed Brown,
327 E. Ward St., Urbanna, Ohio.
Madge Jackman, Los Angeles, Calif.
Blanche Kelley Leake Marsello,
Chicago, Ill.
Mabel Weidler Pateman, R. D. No. 3
Waterloo.
James D. Snyder, Kendallville, Ind.
Olive Rempis Willis, Angola, Ind.
Ethel Waterman Feagler,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Verna Darby Lampland, care Lowell
Obs., Flag Staff, Ariz.
F. Maynard Hine, R. 3, Waterloo.
Arthur M. Gregg, Waterloo.

Class of 1898.

Blanche McCague Cox, Waterloo.
Edith Powell Blake.
Emma Gfeller Leas, Waterloo.
Mae Waterman Gengnagel,
Butler, Ind.
Estella Leas Peters, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Blanche Reed Spiker,
411 E. Chas. St., Massillon, Ohio.
Meta Welsh Frederick, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1899.

Raymond C. Dilgard, Auburn, Ind.
Cora Kepler Fisher, Waterloo.
Arthur Bonnell, deceased.
Howard Bonnell,
429 W. Pontiac St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ruth Closson Scoville, deceased.
Nannie Gfeller Parks, Waterloo.
Estella Fulk Clement, Auburn, Ind.
Lulu Hine Smith, Tuscola, Ill.
Dana C. Sparks, Auburn, Ind.
Madge Haskins Whitford.

Class of 1900.

Earl D. Leas, Waterloo, Ind.
Frank B. Willis, 531 N. Meridian,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jay F. Shull, Heaton 721 E. St.,
Tacoma, Wash.
Delia Kiplinger Hine, Tuscola, Ill.
Pearl Daniels Fretz,
110 E. North St., Sidney, Ohio.
Mollie Farrington Shull, Heaton 721
E. St., Tacoma, Wash.

Bertha Bemenderfer Ettinger,
Waterloo
Orpha Goodwin Opdycke, Waterloo
Dora Willis Dilts, Waterloo.

Class of 1901.

Maude Skelley Wright, Lynn, Ind.
Winfred T. Keep, Butler, Ind.
Grace Saltsman Myers, Waterloo.
Gertrude Wilhelm, Waterloo.
Maude S. Gilbert, Waterloo.
Myrtle Showalter, Waterloo.
Tessa Loewenstein Selig,
Ligonie, Ind.
Mabel Daniels Waterman,
Hudson, Ind.
Leroy Waterman, Hudson, Ind.
Clark Williamson, deceased.

Class of 1902.

Byrde Kepler Haverstock,
Butler, Ind.

Lurah Arm
Ketlurah A

Lena Knot
Ray Barth
Melvin Var

Vera Beme
1225 Ple
Pearle Wit
Otto Water
Roun
Frank Geol

Errata:

(Omitted from annual by an oversight.)
Class of 1903.
Ernest Kohl, Toledo, Ohio.
Sherman Kimmell, Auburn, Ind.
Orpha McEndarfer Myers, Waterloo.
Merritt Matson, Waterloo,
Isabelle Booth Elder,
3144 Thompson Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Class of 1904.

Minnie Rufner George, Waterloo
Hattie Saltsman, Auburn, Ind.
James Almond, Highland Park, Ill.
Josephine Willis, Waterloo.
Grace Braun, Waterloo.
Edna Denison, Waterloo.

Class of 1906.

Alta Clement Fee, Waterloo.
Mae McIntosh, Waterloo.
Cyrille Beck Wilson, Waterloo.
Edna Goodwin Jackman, Waterloo.
Lana Braun Beechler, Garrett, Ind.
Estelle Goodwin,
Balboa, Canal Zone, Panama.
Owen R. Bangs, R. R., Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1907.

Mildred Bowman Grogg, Waterloo.



